The SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Established Aug. 4, 1821. | HENRY PETERSON & CO., Publishers. No. 319 Walnut St., Philad'a. | PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1869. | Price $2.50 A Year, in Advance. Single Number 6 Cents. | Whole Number Issued, 2600.

THE DEAD POET.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY J. WARREN WATSON.

Gentle fingers, why soothe from his brow
  All those ringlets of dark silken hair?
Weeping eyes, what is sympathy now?
  He is done with earth's sorrow and care.
Wherefore placed ye that rose on his breast?
  Cold and still is the heart it adorns.
Heaven grant he is safely at rest,
  For his life was a pathway of thorns.

Holy priest, you may stretch forth your hand
  In applause o'er his burial case.
Yet how few can such minds understand!
  Who can judge of true worth by a face?
Sad the bells that above him you rang—
  Soft the organ's grand harmonies roll!
Not so sweet as the poems he sang—
  Fettered thoughts of a beautiful soul!

All in Nature to him was sublime,
  Though 'twas seen thro' a vista of tears;
And though gathered away in his prime,
  Grief had taught him the wisdom of years!
Fitting emblem of jeers ye once said,
  Rocking earth on his coffin is hurled;
Icy marble you've placed o'er his head,
  Type of love in this pitiless world!

Denton, Mich.

THE LAST OF THE INCAS.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.

CHAPTER IX.

DON SYLVIO D'ARENAL.

An hour before the bomberos' arrival at the estancia, a visitor had presented himself, who was eagerly greeted by Don Valentine and his daughter. This visitor, about eight-and-twenty years of age, and elegantly built, possessed the manners of a man of distinction, and a clever, noble face. His name was Don Sylvio d'Arenal, and he belonged to one of the richest and most respectable families in Buenos Ayres. The death of a relative had endowed him with a fortune of 500,000 piastres a year; that is to say, about one hundred thousand a-year—a fortune large even for this country, where gold is so common.

The family of Don Sylvio and of Don Valentine, both originally from Spain, and connected by ancient ties, had ever lived on a footing of the greatest intimacy. The young man and the young lady were educated together, and hence, when her handsome cousin came to say good-bye to her, and told her of his departure for Europe, where he was to travel for some years to complete his education, and assume elegant manners, Dona Concha, who was at that time twelve years of age, felt a great vexation. Since their childhood, unconsciously, they loved each other with the simple gentle affection of youth, which only thinks of happiness.

Don Sylvio went away, bearing his love with him, and Conchita retained him in her heart.

Only a few days previously the young man had returned to Buenos Ayres—and after making a tour through the most renowned cities of the civilized world, hastened to arrange his affairs. Then he freighted a schooner, and set sail for Carmen, burning with desire to see again the woman he loved, and whom he had not seen for three years—his Conchita, the pretty child who, he thought, had, doubtless, become a lovely and accomplished maiden.

At Carmen he found Don Valentine's house empty, and from the information he received from *Tio* Peralta, the old negro, he rode at a gallop to the estancia of San Julian. The surprise and joy of Don Valentine and his daughter were extreme. Conchita was especially happy, for she thought daily of Sylvio, and saw him through her recollections, but at the same time she felt in her heart an emotion of mingled pleasure and sorrow. Sylvio perceived it, understood that he was still loved, and his happiness equalled that of Dona Concha.

"Come, come, children," the father said with a smile, "kiss each other; I permit it."

Dona Concha offered Don Sylvio her blushing forehead, which he respectfully touched with his lips.

"What sort of a kiss do you call that?" Don Valentine continued, "come, come, no hypocrisy! kiss one another openly; hang it all! Do not play the coquette, Conchita, because you are a pretty girl, and he is a handsome fellow; and you, Sylvio, who fall here like a bombshell without notice, do you suppose, if you please, that I had not guessed for what reason you made a sea voyage of several hundred leagues? Is it for my sake you have hastened here from Buenos Ayres? You love each other—so kiss like lovers and betrothed people, and if you behave yourselves you will be married in a few days."

The young folks, affected by these kind words and this merry humor, fell into the arms of the worthy man, in order to conceal their emotion.

"Children," he said, "the Rubicon is past; indulge your joy at meeting after so lengthened a separation. It is the last, for you have met again for ever."

MISSIONARY CHURCH IN RUPERT'S LAND, ON THE RED RIVER.

St. Andrew's Church is on the Red River, in British America. It was built by the Church Missionary Society, for the purpose of aiding in the conversion of the Indians of the North-West of the Continent to Christianity. In 1859 there were one hundred and sixty-one communicants. There were sixty-two pupils in the school. The vast distances which some of these children travel to reach this school, will strike every reader. "One scholar came upwards of four hundred miles from the east, another three hundred miles from the north, and a third no less than nine hundred miles from the west."

"Oh, for ever!" the young people repeated.

"Let us kill the fatted calf, as the prodigal child has come back. Don Sylvio, you will remain here, and not return to Carmen, except to be married. Does that suit you?"

"Yes," said Sylvio, looking lovingly at Conchita, "on condition that it is soon, father."

"That's the way with lovers; they are always eager and impatient. Every one in his turn; I was like that and as happy, then our children take our places, and the happiness of old men is produced by their happiness."

One of those sweet and intimate conversations then began, in which the recollections of the past and the certainty of speedy happiness were blended. They were interrupted by Don Salinar entering the room. Don Sylvio proceeded to his apartment, while Concha and her father followed the old lady to the bomberos.

Don Valentine, surprised and irritated by the unexpected arrival of Don Torribio Carvajal, resolved to get rid of him, and come to an end with this mysterious man.

"You did not expect me so soon?" Don Torribio said, as he leapt from his horse, and bowed to the master of the house.

"I did not expect you at all; the less so because you spoke only yesterday, if I have a good memory, of a journey."

"That is true," he said with a smile, "but who knows yesterday what will take place to-morrow? Then you, too, Don Torribio continued, as he followed Don Valentine to the drawing-room, "did not even dream yesterday of leaving El Carmen."

"Well, as you know, we estancieros are often compelled to go to our estates suddenly, from one moment to an other."

"The same thing happens to me. I am, like you, compelled to live as a country gentleman for some time."

"Then you are living at your estancia?"

"Yes, we are neighbors, and you will be condemned to my presence, unless—"

"You will always be welcome."

"You are most polite," said Don Torribio, seating himself in an easy-chair.

"I am afraid, though, that I shall not long enjoy the pleasure of being your neighbor."

"Why so?"

"It is possible that I may return to Carmen within a week."

"Then you have only paid a passing visit here?"

"Not exactly. I had intended to remain here some months, but, as you said just now, who knows what the morrow will bring forth?"

The two speakers, like practised duellists, before crossing weapons and dealing a decisive blow, were feeling each other's strength by quickly parried feints.

"May I be allowed to pay my respects to Dona Concha?" Don Torribio asked

"She will soon be here. Just imagine, my dear neighbor, that through a concourse of extraordinary circumstances we have just taken charge of a girl of rare beauty, who has been two years a slave of the Indians, and whom her brothers brought to me scarce an hour ago, after having miraculously saved her from the hands of the pagans."

"Ah!" Torribio said, in a choking voice.

"Yes," Don Valentine continued, without noticing the young man's emotion; "her name is Mercedes, I believe; she appears very gentle; you know my daughter, she is wild about her already, and at this moment she is taking off her Indian clothes, and clothing her in a decent fashion."

"Very good; but are you sure that this woman is what she seems to be? The Indians are villains, as you are aware, and this—"

"Mercedes."

"Mercedes is perhaps an Indian spy."

"For what object?"

"What do I know? Can we trust anybody?"

"You are mistaken, Don Torribio. I can trust the men who brought her to me."

"Watch her; take my advice."

"But she is a Spaniard."

"That proves nothing. Look at Pinchiera; is he not an ex-officer of the Chilian army? He is now a chief of one of the principal Patagonian nations, and the most cruel adversary of the Spaniards."

"Pincheira, that is different."

"As you please," said Don Torribio, "I trust that you may be right."

As Don Torribio uttered these words, Dona Concha appeared, accompanied by Don Sylvio.

"Don Torribio," said the estanciero, "I have the honor to present to you Don Sylvio d'Arenal."

"I believe," said Torribio, "that I have already had the honor of meeting this gentleman."

"Nonsense! it cannot have been in America, most certainly, for Don Sylvio has been away for three years."

"No, Don Valentine; it was in Paris."

"Your memory is faithful, sir," Don Sylvio replied, "we met at the house of the Marchioness de Lucenay."

"I was not aware of your return to America."

"I only reached Buenos Ayres a few days ago; this morning I was at Carmen, and now I am here."

"Already here!" Don Torribio could not refrain from saying.

"Oh!" Concha's father said, with a marked accent, "this rather hasty visit was so natural, that my daughter and I heartily pardoned Don Sylvio."

"Ah!" Don Torribio muttered, to say something, for he understood that he had a rival before him.

Dona Concha, carelessly reclining on a sofa, anxiously followed the conversation, while playing with a fan that trembled in her hand.

"I hope, sir," Don Torribio said courteously, "that we shall renew here the imperfect friendship commenced in Madame de Lucenay's *salons*."

"Unluckily," Don Valentine interrupted, in order to prevent Don Sylvio answering, "Senor d'Arenal will be unable to accept your kind invitation, for immediately after his marriage he intends to travel with his wife, since that is the fashion now-a-days."

"His marriage!" Don Torribio said, with perfectly well-played astonishment.

"Were you ignorant of it?"

"Yes."

"What a careless fellow I am! my happiness makes me lose my head. I am like these two children, but pray excuse me."

"Sir!"

"Certainly; for are you not one of our best friends? we have no secrets from you. Don Sylvio d'Arenal is about to marry my daughter; the match has been arranged for a very long time."

Don Torribio turned pale; a mist passed before his eyes, he felt a deadly agony in his heart, and thought he was going to die. Dona Concha curiously followed his secret thoughts upon his face; but, feeling that all eyes were fixed upon him, the young man made a superhuman effort, and said to the young lady in a soft voice, and without any apparent emotion—

"May you be as happy, senorita, as I wish you. The first wish, people say, is efficacious, so accept mine."

"I thank you, sir," Dona Concha answered, deceived by Don Torribio's accent.

"As for you, Senor d'Arenal, your happiness will make many men jealous; for you are taking away the most precious pearl in the rich casket of the Argentine republic."

"I will strive, senor, to be worthy of her; for I love her so dearly."

"They love one another so dearly," the father said with cruel simplicity.

The young lovers exchanged a glance full of hope and happiness. Neither Don Valentine's last remark, nor the look of the betrothed couple, was left unnoticed by Don Torribio, who though not letting anything be seen, received his double dagger thrust, and concealed his grief beneath a smile.

"By Jove, neighbor," the father continued, "you will be present at the festival of betrothal, and give up your evening to us."

"Impossible, senor; important business calls me to my estancia, and, to my great regret, I must leave you."

"Still, if my daughter joined with me—"

"If I," Don Sylvio said, "dared—"

"You quite confound me; but, on my honor, I must be gone. The sacrifice I make at this moment is the more painful to me," he added, with a sardonic smile, "because happiness generally flies so that it is impossible to catch it up, and it is folly to neglect the opportunity."

"I fear no misfortune now," said Dona Concha, looking at Don Sylvio.

Carvajal gave her a look full of undefinable meaning, and replied with a shake of the head.

"I trust you are saying the truth, senorita, "but there is a French proverb."

"What is it?"

"'Twixt cup and the lip there's many a slip."

"Oh, the ugly proverb!" Conchita exclaimed, in some embarrassment, "but I am not a Frenchwoman, and hence have nothing to fear."

"That is true."

And Don Torribio, without adding a word, bowed, and left the room.

"Well, my friend," the estanciero said, "what do you think of that man?"

"He has a look deep as an abyss, and his words are bitter; I know not why, but I feel sure he hates me."

"I hate him too," said Concha, with a shudder.

"Perhaps he loved you, Conchita, for is it possible to see and not love you?"

"Who assures you that he is not meditating a crime?"

"This time, senorita, you are going too far; he is a gentleman."

"*Quien sabe?*" she replied, remembering Don Torribio's words, which had already caused her a shudder.

CHAPTER X.

THE VIRGIN FOREST.

On leaving the estancia of San Julian, Don Torribio Carvajal was a prey to one of those cold, concentrated passions, which slowly collect in the mind, and at length burst out with terrible force. His spurs lacerated the sides of his horse, which snorted with pain, and doubled its furious speed.

Where was Don Torribio Carvajal going in this way? He did not know himself. He saw nothing, heard nothing. He resolved sinister plans in his brains, and leaped torrents and ravines without troubling himself about his horse. The feeling of hatred was alone at work within him. Nothing refreshed his burning forehead, his temples beat as if about to burst, and a nervous tremor agitated his whole body. This state of overexcitement lasted some hours, during which his horse devoured space. At length the noble steed, utterly exhausted, stopped on its trembling knees, and fell on the sand.

Don Torribio rose and looked wildly around him. He had required this rude shock to restore a little order to his ideas, and recall him to reality. An hour more of such agony and he would have become a raving lunatic, or have died of an apoplectic fit.

Night had set in, thick darkness covered the landscape, and a mournful silence prevailed in the desert where chance had carried him.

"Where am I?" he said, as he tried to discover his whereabouts.

But the moon, concealed by clouds, shed no light; the wind blew violently; the branches of the trees clashed together, and in the depths of the desert the howling of the wild beasts began to mingle the deep notes of their voices with the hoarse mewlings of the wild cats.

Don Torribio's eyes sought in vain to pierce the obscurity. He went up to his horse, which was lying on the ground and panting heavily; moved with pity for the companion of his adventurous journeys, he bent over it, placed in his waist-belt the pistols that were in the holsters, and unfastened a gourd of rum hanging from his saddle-bow, began washing the eyes, ears, nostrils, and mouth of the poor beast, whose sides quivered, and which this seemed to restore to life. Half an hour passed in this way; the horse, somewhat refreshed, had got on its legs, and with the instinct that distinguishes the race had discovered a spring close by where it quenched its thirst.

"All is not lost yet," Don Torribio muttered, "and perhaps I shall soon succeed in getting out of this place, for my friends are waiting for me, and I must join them."

But a deep roar broke forth a short distance away, repeated almost immediately from four different quarters. The horse's hair stood on end with terror. Even Don Torribio trembled.

"Malediction!" he exclaimed, "I am at a watering-place of the cougouars."

At this moment he saw, about ten paces from him, two eyes that shone like live coals, and looked at him with strange fixedness.

Don Torribio was a man of tried courage, audacious, and even rash on occasions; but alone in the gloomy solitude in the midst of the black night, surrounded by ferocious beasts, he felt fear assail himself against his will; he breathed with difficulty; his teeth were clenched, an icy perspiration poured down his whole person, and he was on the point of abandoning himself to his fate. This sudden discouragement disappeared before a powerful will, and Don Torribio, sustained by the instinct of self-preservation, and that hope which springs eternal in the human breast, prepared for an unequal struggle.

The horse burst into a snort of terror, and ran off.

"All the better," its rider thought, "perhaps it will escape."

A frightful concert of howls and roars broke out on all sides at the sound of the horse's flight, and huge shadows bounded along past Don Torribio. A violent blast swept the sky, and the moon lit up the desert with its mournful, sickly rays.

Not far off the Rio Negro ran between two scarped banks, and Don Torribio saw all round him the compact masses of a virgin forest, an inextricable chaos of rocks piled up pell mell, and of fissures out of which clumps of trees grew. Here and there creepers were intertwined describing the wildest curves, and only stopped their ramifications at the river. The soil, composed of sand and that detritus which abounds in American forests, gave way beneath the foot.

Don Torribio now discovered where he was. He was more than fifteen leagues from any habitation, on the outskirts of an immense forest, the only one in Patagonia which no ranger had as yet been bold enough to explore, such horror and mystery did its gloomy depths appear to reveal. Near the forest a limpid stream burst through the rocks, whose banks were trampled by numerous traces of the claws of wild beasts. This stream served them, in fact, as a watering-place, when they left their dens after sunset, and went in search of food and drink. As a living testimony of this supposition, two magnificent cougouars, male and female, were standing on the bank, and watching with anxious eyes the sporting of their cubs.

"Hum," said Don Torribio, "these are dangerous neighbors."

And he mechanically turned his eyes away. A panther, stretched out on a rock in the position of a watchful cat, fixed its inflamed eyes upon him. Torribio, who was well armed according to the American fashion, had a rifle of wondrous accuracy, which he had leant against a rock close to him.

"Good," he said, "it will be a tough fight at any rate."

He raised his gun, but at the moment when he was about to fire, a plaintive mewling made him raise his head. A dozen *pajiros* and *subaracayas* (wild cats of great size), perched on branches of trees, were looking down at him, while several red wolves were crouching in front of him.

A number of vultures, urubus, and caracaras, with half-closed eyes, were seated on the surrounding rocks, and apparently awaiting the hour for their meal.

Don Torribio jumped up on a rock, and then, by the help of his hands and knees, gained, after extraordinary difficulties, a sort of natural terrace situated about twenty feet above the ground. The frightful concert formed by the denizens of the forest, whom the subtlety of their scent attracted one after the other, increased more and more, and overpowered the very sound of the wind which raged in the ravines and forest clearings. The moon was once more hidden behind clouds, and Don Torribio found himself again in darkness; but if he could not distinguish the wild beasts near him, he guessed and almost smelt their presence; he saw their eyeballs flashing in the gloom, and heard their roars constantly coming nearer.

He put his feet firmly on the ground, and cocked his revolver. Four shots were followed by four howls of pain, and the noise produced by branch after branch in the fall of the wounded wild cats. This attack aroused a sinister uproar. The red wolves rushed with yells on the victims, for which they contended with the urubus and vultures. A rustling in the leaves reached the ear of the brave hunter, and a mass it was impossible clearly to distinguish cleft the space, and lodged with a roar on the platform. With the butt of his rifle he struck out in the darkness, and the panther, with a broken skull, rolled to the base of the rock. He heard a monstrous battle, which the congouars and wild cats waged with the wounded panther, and intoxicated by his triumph, and even by his danger, he fired two shots into the crowd of obstinate enemies snarling below him. Suddenly all these animals, ceasing their contest as if by common consent, united against the man, their common foe, and their rage was turned against the rock, from the top of which Don Torribio appeared to defy them all. They climbed up the projections. The wild cats were the first to arrive, and fast as Torribio killed them others leaped upon him. He felt his strength and energy gradually diminishing.

This struggle of a single man against a multitude of ferocious brutes had something grand and poignant about it. Don Torribio, as if suffering from a nightmare, struggled in vain against the swarms of assailants that were constantly reinforced. He felt on his face the warm, fetid breath of the wild cats and red wolves, while the roars of the congouars and the mocking miauling of the panthers filled his ears with a frightful melody that gave him a vertigo. Hundreds of eyes sparkled in the shade, and at times the heavy wings of the vultures and urubus lashed his forehead, which was bathed in a cold perspiration.

In him every feeling of self had died out: he no longer thought; his life, so to speak, had become entirely physical; his movements were mechanical, and his arms rose and fell to strike with the rigid regularity of a pendulum.

Already several claws had been buried deep in his flesh. Wild cats had seized him by the throat, and he had been compelled to struggle with them to make them loose their hold; his blood was flowing from twenty wounds, not mortal, it is true, but the hour was approaching beyond which human strength cannot go; Don Torribio would have fallen from his rock and perished under the teeth of the wild beasts.

At this solemn moment, when all seemed to desert him, a loud cry burst from his bosom—a cry of agony and despair of undefinable expression, which was echoed far and wide by the rocks. It was the last protest of the strong man who confesses himself vanquished, and who, before falling, calls his fellow-man to his aid, or implores the help of heaven.

He cried, and a cry responded to his!

Don Torribio amazed, and not daring to count on a miracle in a desert which no human being had ever yet penetrated, believed himself under the impression of a dream or an hallucination; still, collecting all his strength, and feeling hope rekindled in his soul, he uttered a second cry, louder and more ear-piercing than the first.

"Courage!"

This time it was not echo that answered him. Courage! That one word reached him on the wings of the wind, though faint as a sigh. Like the giant Antæus, Don Torribio, drawing himself up, seemed to regain his strength and recover that life which was already slipping from him. He redoubled his blows at his innumerable enemies.

Several horses were galloping in the distance; shots lit up the darkness with their transient gleams, and men, or rather demons, dashed suddenly into the thick of the wild beasts, and produced a fearful carnage.

Suddenly Don Torribio, attacked by two tiger cats, rolled on the platform, struggling with them.

The wild beasts had fled before the new comers, who hastened to light fires to keep them at bay during the rest of the night. Two of these men, holding lighted torches, began seeking the hunter, whose cries of distress had besought their help. He was lying senseless on the platform, surrounded by ten or a dozen dead wild cats, and holding in his stiffened fingers the neck of a strangled pajiro.

"Well, Pepe," a voice said, "have you found him?"

"Yes," was the reply; "but he appears to be dead."

"Caraï! that would be a pity," Pedrito continued, "for he is a fine fellow. Where is he?"

"On this rock."

"Can you bring him down with the help of Lopez?"

"Nothing easier."

"Make haste, in heaven's name!" Pedrito said. "Each minute's delay is, perhaps, a year's life slipping from him."

Lopez and Pepe raised Don Torribio by the head and feet, and with infinite precautions transported him from the improvised fortress where he had so long fought, and laid him on a bed of leaves Juan had got ready near one of the fires.

"Canario!" Pedrito exclaimed, on seeing the gory man's miserable appearance; "poor devil! how they have served him out! it was high time to help him."

"Do you think he will recover?" Lopez asked eagerly.

"There is always hope," Pedrito answered sententiously, "where life is not extinct. Let us have a look at him."

He bent over Don Torribio's body, drew his glistening knife, and placed the blade between his lips.

"Not the slightest breath," Pedrito said, shaking his head.

"Are his wounds serious?" Lopez asked.

"I do not think so. He has been worn out by fatigue and emotion, but he will soon open his eyes again, and in a quarter of an hour, if he think proper, he can get into the saddle again. It is surely he," Pedrito added, in a low voice.

"Whence comes your thoughtful air, brother?"

"It is because this man, in spite of his European dress and thorough appearance of a white, resembles—"

"Whom?"

"The Indian chief, with whom we fought at the tree of Guaiche, and to whom we owe Mercedes' safety."

"You must be mistaken."

"Not the least in the world, brothers," the eldest replied authoritatively. "When hidden in the trunk of the sacred tree, I had leisure to study his features, which have remained graven on my mind. Besides, I recognize him by this gash which I made on his face with my sabre."

"That is true," the others said in surprise.

"What is to be done?"

"What is the meaning of this disguise?"

"Heaven alone knows," Pedrito answered, "but he must be saved."

The bomberos, like all woodrangers living far from the colony, are obliged to cure their own wounds, and hence acquire a certain practical knowledge of medicine through employing the remedies and simples in use among the Indians.

Pedrito, assisted by Pepe and Juan, washed Don Torribio's wounds with rum and water, moistened his temples, and puffed tobacco smoke up his nostrils. The young man gave an almost insensible sigh, stirred slightly, and opened his eyes, which wandered round vacantly.

"He is saved!" said Pedrito; "now leave Nature to act, for she is the best physician I know."

Don Torribio raised himself on an elbow, passed his hand over his forehead, as if to regain his memory and thought, and said, in a weak voice—

"Who are you?"

"Friends, sir—fear nothing."

"I feel as if every bone in my body were broken."

"There is no danger, sir; with the exception of the fatigue, you are well as we are."

"I hope so, my worthy friends; but by what miracle did you arrive in time to save me?"

"Your horse performed this miracle; had it not, you were lost."

"How so?" Torribio asked, his voice growing gradually stronger, and already able to rise.

"This is how it was—we are bomberos—"

The young man gave a sort of nervous start, which he suddenly checked.

"We are bomberos, and watch the Indians, especially at night. Accident brought us to these parts. Your horse was flying with a pack of red wolves at its heels; we freed it from these brutes; then, as it seemed to us probable that a ready saddled horse could not be without an owner in this forest, where no one ventures, we set out in search of the rider. Your cry guided us."

"How can I pay my debt to you?" Torribio asked, offering his hand to Pedrito.

"You owe us nothing, sir."

"Why?"

"Here is your horse, caballero."

"But I should like to see you again," he said, before starting.

"It is unnecessary; you owe us nothing, I tell you," said Pedrito, who held the horse by the bridle.

"What do you mean?" Don Torribio insisted.

"The bombero," Pedrito replied, "has paid to-day the debt contracted yesterday with Nocobotha the Ulmen of the Aucas."

Don Torribio's face was covered with a deadly pallor.

"We are quits, chief," Pedrito continued, as he let go the bridle.

When the rider had disappeared in the darkness, Pedrito turned to his brothers—

"I know not why it is," he said, with a sigh of relief, "but I feel happy at owing nothing to that man."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ At the Peace Jubilee, at Boston, the chorus numbered over 10,000 persons, and the audience about 25,000. Parepa Rosa and Ole Bull performed, and the effect both of the solos and choruses was grand. The rendering of the "Star-Spangled Banner," by all the performers, with the accompaniment of bells and cannon, called forth great enthusiasm. President Grant went on to the Jubilee.

☞ Mrs. Ernestine L. Rose, at the meeting of the Fruit Growers' Club, narrated her experience of making a garden in the city. For lack of room it was made on the housetop, which was converted into a beautiful oasis among the thousands of black roofs. "Where there's a will there's a way." That Rose was determined to blossom, and it found a way.

☞ A CONTEMPORARY OF NELSON AND NAPOLEON.—"On the ninth day of March, 1869, the one hundred and fourth birthday of a gallant English soldier, Captain L——, was celebrated by a breakfast-party in New York city, at which Admiral Farragut and a number of regulars and ex-volunteers of the army were present. His habits of life are entirely different from those of his fellow-men. He rises at three, breakfasts before daylight, dines at noon, takes his tea about five, and before fashionable Gothamites sit down to dinner, the captain is comfortably ensconced in his bed. He does not retire with the birds, but before them, his hour being six o'clock. He remarked to the writer, with whom he rode home from the reception referred to above, at half-past seven, that he had not sat up so late in twenty years."—*Appletons' Journal.*

☞ The late importation from Erin has immortalized herself in the following manner: Never having seen a dumb-waiter, Bridget was puzzled as to its use, but seated herself, with a turkey on her lap, upon the, to her, occult machine, and shouted to the negro waiting: "Ye woolly-headed ink-pot, go up stairs wid yes, and haul me up!"

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1869.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $8.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one extra) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent gratis—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents.

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

BACK NUMBERS.

We can still supply the back numbers of THE POST to February 20th, containing the whole of "CUT ADRIFT; OR, THE TIDE OF FATE, by Miss Amanda M. Douglas, and of "THE RED COURT FARM," by Mrs. Henry Wood.

THE COMING YEAR.

We design making THE POST for the coming year superior to what it has ever been. In the way of new Novelets we announce:—

The Last of the Incas.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD, Author of "The Queen of the Savannah."

A Family Failing.

BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," &c.

With OTHER NOVELETS and SHORT STORIES, by a host of able writers.

We also give a large amount of Interesting and Instructive matter, in the way of SKETCHES, HISTORICAL FACTS, NEWS, AGRICULTURAL INFORMATION, &c., &c.

A copy of either of our large and beautiful steel Engravings—"The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in His Library"—will be given to every full ($2.00) subscriber, and also to every person sending on a club. Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra. These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments for the parlor or library. "The Song of Home at Sea," is the new engraving, prepared especially for this year, at a cost for the mere engraving alone, of nearly $1,000!

When it is considered that the yearly terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received. And our prices to club subscribers are so low, that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of the club for calling the paper to their notice.

For TERMS see head of editorial column. Sample numbers are sent *gratis* to those desirous of getting up clubs. If any of our readers has a friend who he thinks would like to take the paper, send us the address, and we will send him or her a specimen.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THREE SEASONS IN EUROPEAN VINEYARDS: Treating of Vine Culture; Vine Disease and its Cure; Wine Making and Wines, Red and White; Wine Drinking, as Affecting Health and Morals. By WILLIAM J. FLAGG. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

The author of this work, evidently an intelligent man, is an enthusiast relative to the good effects of pure light wines. We quote as follows in order that our readers may see what can be said in favor of drinking them:—

RED WINE.

A Parisian physician, prescribing for a delicate American patient, will nine times in ten order red wine. "I am cured of my dyspepsy," said one of these to me. "Did the red wine do it?" I asked. "No; I think it is the variety of courses at the table d'hote. I think I shall give up the wine, being opposed to it on principle." Poor, inconsequential teetotaler! He could believe in the digestibility of soup, salmon, radishes, fried beans, cutlets, salad and chicken, cauliflower fricassee, salmi, blanquette, cheese, custard, pudding, tarts, syllabubs, raisins and almonds, cucumbers and melons, all jumbled into one meal, rather than in so simple a thing as red wine.

That self-devoted apostle and missionary, Professor Babrius, of Bordeaux, discoursing in 1840 on the influence of wine on civilization, speaks of the effect of French wines (red, of course) on the French people thus: "So long as wine was honored by all classes, the French people remained, in virtue of their brilliant qualities, the first of modern peoples. Courage, loyal and generous, gayety and vivacity of mind, patriotism, eloquence, an exquisite sentiment of personal dignity joined to an excessive politeness, an irresistible longing for a sweet sociability, were the principal traits of their character. When coffee, tea, and tobacco successively took their place among our habitudes, each of these agents, more or less deleterious, impressed a sensible alteration on this beautiful assemblage of distinguished traits."

And there was a good deal of ground for this self-laudation. The deep-thinking Babrius goes on to say:

"What distinguishes wine from all other drinks is its general action on the bodily economy. In moderate quantities it increases the energy of all the faculties. The heart, the brain, the organs of secretion, the muscular system, each acquire by its use a sensible augmentation of vitality.

"Wine acts generously on all our functions, fortifying and exciting them in harmony with each other, while other liquors act like those medicaments which expend their force on a single organ merely. Far from increasing the harmony of the system, their action can not fail to trouble it.

"Coffee, like wine, excites the vitality, but it stimulates only those portions of the brain which are the seat of the intellect, properly so called, and the speech. Its special property is to cause a flow of language, clear, lively, and facile, that is never troubled by the emotions of a warm conviction. Under the action of coffee the heart remains perfectly calm. It is the drinkers of coffee who have said you must not feel a sentiment if you would express it well. The decoction of coffee is the liquor of men of the world; it is the provocative to counterfeits of the truth, to cold and piercing sallies of wit, to specious argumentation—in fact, to all which makes up the charm of the elegant and blase world of the saloons.

"Tea addresses itself directly neither to the heart nor the head. Its stimulation goes to the glands of the abdomen. The liver and reins respond strongly to its action. This explains why tea facilitates the digestion of indolent stomachs, and why its drinkers are inclined to moods of melancholy. They are cold, and talk little. Tea impresses on individuals and on nations which use it a slight tinge of hypochondria."

But as tea and coffee still hold only a subordinate place on the tables of the French, Babrius thinks that, though they may alter and distort French civilization, and turn it aside from its true end, it will not perish from their influence. What he fears will enervate, confuse, corrupt, and finally abolish us all, is tobacco.

The American people is in want of a drink. A nation has transplanted itself, but not its vines, from one hemisphere to another, and is thirsty. It is as important what we drink should be adapted to our climate, our temperament and institutions, as it is we should hold correct opinions on this, that, and the other subject. In fine, the liquor to mix daily in our blood, to act on our nerves, nourish our tissues, and qualify the vitality of every part of us, will control our destiny as much, at least, as what we learn in schools, read in newspapers, or hear from pulpits.

What shall we drink?

It will not answer in these days, with the deplorable results we have before us of the evils of water-drinking on one hand, and the evils of spirit-drinking on the other, to point to the springs and brooks, rivers and lakes, saying, "Share with the frogs and fishes, and four-footed beasts, the abundant washings of the earth's surface; there is enough for all."

We live in a dry climate, and under moral conditions exciting and exhausting to body, brain, and nerve. That climate and those conditions have already, in the absence of any proper corrective, created a national temperament that responds with excessive sensibility to every exciting cause. The pale, bony woman, who paralyzes her insides with unstinted draughts of liquid ice, and the restless, nervous man who consumes his with draughts equally unstinted of liquid fire, are types alike of our wretched condition as a people. Dilution will not save us. Says my scientific friend, Doctor ——, "A low dew-point (dry air) and Republican institutions are inconsistent with the long duration of our race."

Now we don't want to pull down Republican institutions, nor can we raise up the too low dew-point. We must raise red wine, then; and this can be done, I will endeavor to prove, as easily and cheaply as in Burgundy, where it is to be had of good quality for four, five, and six cents a bottle.

Taken in the quantity of a quart daily for every adult, and a pint daily for each child, we may expect the following effects: It will slightly stupefy, and thereby soothe and quiet; gently elevate, and thereby promote gayety, and chase anxiety and care; warm the heart, and at the same time stimulate the flow of ideas, whence will come sociability, and with sociability, politeness and toleration, elegance and good taste. It will prevent and cure dyspepsia, the most American and the least French of all diseases that scourge the world—in fine, by virtue of its tonic and stimulating properties, touch every weakness for which tonics and stimulants are prescribed—not, however, as a medicine, to lose its power with use, or be followed by reaction, but as a continuing condition—a habitual alimentation, like pure air, nourishing food, exercise, and proper clothing.

I conclude with a few words of advice to such of my countrymen as can command a half acre of ground for vine-growing. Drain it well, and keep it only moderately rich. Plant Norton's Seedling or Ives's, and train them on the low scuche system, following closely its simple precepts, except where your own judgment modifies them. Gather the grapes before they get too ripe, crush them after stemming, and let the must complete its fermentation before being drawn off the skins, so that your wine shall be thoroughly red. Drink that wine—you, and your wife, and little ones; drink it for breakfast, drink it for dinner, drink it for supper; drink it, in short, whenever you are dry, or wet, or cold, or tired. Drink your own wine, and not another's. It will cost less than the sugar you now mix in your tea or coffee. It will reduce your grocer's bill, and nearly abolish your doctor's. It will give you healthy children, and not only purify their blood, but mend their manners also, Babrius says. Your wife will gradually reform her ice-water drinking, abandon her dyspepsia, take flesh upon her bones, be seen to smile often and sometimes laugh, and glow with the warmth of health and love. You, on your part, will gradually become less uneasy, and more fond of amusement than excitement; will grow more plump, but have better strength to carry your flesh. Owing to the presence of particles of red coloring matter in the wine, things will look more rosy-hued than before, and the future appear not unlike a Western sunset. At times you may feel somewhat "above par"—a trifle lighter-hearted than usual. In such case, be not alarmed; excessive happiness is a symptom that will generally pass away of itself—or they might pump a little cold water on your head.

Thus can you obtain in abundance a purer drink than water, a cheaper drink than sugared water, and a healthier one than any. Thus may you bring tranquillity and cheerfulness beneath your roof-tree, and contentment and affection to your fireside—live a merry life, and

"Die a good old man."

FIVE ACRES TOO MUCH. A Careful Consideration of the Question of Profit and Loss as Involved in Amateur Farming. By ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT, author of "Game Fish of North America," &c. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

HE KNEW HE WAS RIGHT. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. With Illustrations by MARCUS STONE. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

THE SACRISTAN'S HOUSEHOLD. A Story of Lippe-Detmold. By the author of "Mabel's Progress," &c. Illustrated. Published by Harper & Brothers; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

MARRIED. A Domestic Novel. By Mrs. C. J. NEWBY, author of "Kate Kennedy," &c. Published by Turner Bros. & Co., Phil.

CARD ETIQUETTE. Issued by LOUIS DREKA, 1633 Chestnut street, Philada. A pretty little work by J. N. Gimbrede, illustrating Card Etiquette, &c.

☞ Miss Susan B. Anthony, who has heretofore heroically refused to pay taxes to the domineering tyrant man, has, it is said, recently paid an income tax to an internal revenue collector of the male persuasion.

☞ The great question, Have clothes ghosts? has been decided by Judge Edmonds, who recently testified that "He saw a spirit sitting at a window, he (the spirit) was clothed, but Judge Edmonds saw through his clothes and himself also, the objects behind him being clearly visible."

☞ A libel suit of F. W. Patterson against the Rochester (N. Y.) Union, resulted in a verdict of "no cause of action."

☞ Commodore Nutt and Miss Minnie Warren were married, at West Haven, Conn., on Thursday of last week.

☞ At the recent session of the League Repeal Convention of Nova Scotia, resolutions were passed recommending measures for bringing about a union with the United States, and urging the formation of leagues for that purpose.

☞ Hon. Henry J. Raymond, editor and proprietor of the New York Times, died suddenly, of apoplexy, on the morning of the 18th, in the fiftieth year of his age. He was one of the ablest editors in the country.

☞ The Mormons last year irrigated and made fruitful 23,739 acres of land. Altogether they had a large amount of land under cultivation; 80,518 acres in cereals, 1,817 in Sorghum, 6,859 in root crops, 166 in Cotton, 29,876 in meadow, 906 in apples, 1,011 in peaches, 75 in grapes, and 105 in currants. The larger part of these lands is artificially irrigated. Originally it was a desert—a perfect desert, a no-man's land.

☞ A colored man in Quincy, Illinois, has brought a suit to recover $2,000 from a steamboat company for having been refused the privilege of eating dinner with the white folks. He evidently thinks there is something in color.

☞ Several prominent members of the Cuban Junta in New York have been arrested and held to bail, to answer for violation of the neutrality laws.

☞ The Anti-Ritualist Convention at Chicago adjourned, after adopting resolutions declaring for a revision of the Book of Common Prayer, and that all phrases importing that the ministry is a priesthood, the Lord's Supper a sacrifice, or that regeneration is inseparable from baptism, should be expunged.

☞ The state of Illinois intends to pay gold interest hereafter on her debt, and has recognized the fact that the principal of the debt is payable in gold.

☞ A correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, writing from London, says: "The best living tenor in Europe is, I believe, Mr. Sims Reeves. I have heard all the best of the Italian, French, and German singers, and know not one whose voice is so melodious. He is a man of about forty-five, so dark in complexion, with hair so crisp and curly, that they would hardly have allowed him to land in Charleston in the old days. He refuses an *encore* point-blank, and I have known him to stop short in an oratorio and sit down, because two or three people came into the hall while he was singing."

☞ "Woman's Rights" seem to comprise almost everything but woman's duties at home, as wife, mother and housekeeper.

☞ The intelligence comes from Iowa that Mrs. Bloomer has gone back on her principles by again donning petticoats.

☞ The New Jersey Railroad recently was transporting over its line two hundred and forty tons of strawberries a day.

☞ "A prudent man," says a witty Frenchman, "is like a pin. His head prevents him from going too far."

☞ A stuffed cat placed upon a strawberry bed will, it is said, frighten away the birds which destroy the fruit.

☞ On hearing of the suicide by drowning of an unhappy couple in Paris—the pair being a *grisette* and her lover—a gentleman asked whether they were married at the time their corpses were laid on the marble tables of the sad *chambre de la mort*, or death-room. "Oh, yes," replied a distinguished *litterateur*, "it was a Morganatic (Morgue-and-attic) marriage."

☞ Fire insurance in Japan is simple, but effective. No paid-up capital required. The "company" consists of the Mikado, who issues one general "policy" which he calls an edict. The chief condition of the policy is, that *every person whose house catches fire shall have his head cut off*. The losses have been remarkably light.

☞ The Carson (Nev.) Appeal says there are a dozen or more camels running at large on the Carson, near the old overland route; and many a traveller and teamster can bear testimony that their numbers have been increased from year to year by births.

☞ The days of the week are, Sun's day, Moon's day, Tuisco's day, Woden's day, Thor's day, Frigg's day, and Saturn's day.

☞ A New England spinster says she doesn't care anything about woman suffrage unless it carries with it the right to make proposals of marriage.

A WOMAN RECLUSE.

A Strange Story—A Woman Crossed in Love Retires from the World—How she Lived and Died.

A Tennessee paper, the Nashville Banner, prints the following curious story:

"Rebecca Freeman, commonly known as the 'Hermit of the Harpeth,' died at the residence of Mr. Robert Haley, near College Grove, Williamson county, a day or two since, in the seventy-third year of her age. The phases of life through which she passed were of the most weird and incomprehensible character, and she remained, until her death, the wonder of the hills among which she had been reared, and where she lived three-quarters of a century. The name of 'Becky, the hermit,' was well known to almost every child within ten or fifteen miles of her wild abode.

"A short sketch of this strange creature, now that she has passed away, may not prove uninteresting to our readers:

"She was the daughter of respectable parents, who had only been able to secure to her a meagre knowledge of the more common branches of education. At the age of thirteen she was left an orphan, dependent upon her own exertions for a livelihood. Thus thrown upon the world she resolved to earn her own subsistence and to manufacture her own clothing. She not only succeeded in sustaining herself, but made enough by spinning and weaving to purchase a seventy-acre farm, composed of a little patch of cleared land and a dense growth of forest trees, situated among the hills some distance from College Grove.

"Prior to the purchase of this estate, however, her heart was won by a youth. He had a good education and was the son of a well-to-do farmer. Her poverty proved an obstacle to their marriage. The youthful couple, despite this opposition, determined to carry out the vows they had made to each other, and she accordingly purchased her wedding attire. The nuptials, however, were finally prevented. He subsequently took sick and died of a lingering disease. She brooded over his death until she became partially deranged. Not long after this misfortune she purchased her farm, and had a cabin erected on the top of a high and rugged hill, amid an almost impenetrable forest. Here she remained until the seventy-second year of her age, living alone and seldom visited. She often stated that she had been 'crossed in love,' and this far liked her changed mode of life. She kept the white slippers and the apparel in which she was to have been made a happy bride until the day of her death. To these she often pointed with strange melancholy, and would brood over these remembrances for a half day at a time.

"Whenever the spirit of sadness fastened upon her she went to the door and blew a long tin horn, bequeathed to her by her mother, for hours at a time. She did this, she said, to give her relief. It was always effective. She mingled but very little with the world. The Bible seemed to have been her greatest study, and passing political events it was her pride to be familiar with. She was the subscriber to one newspaper. She permitted only a few select persons to visit her. Those she did not like she both cursed and stoned away. On this account many people were afraid even to come within her sight. During the war she neither met nor saw a Confederate nor a Federal soldier.

"During the latter portion of her life she took a fancy to a colored woman named Eliza, who went and lived with her until the close of the war, and then departed, which left her once more entirely alone. Although she had been under the humane care of Mr. Haley since 1854, she positively refused to leave her strange home until she fell out of the door of the cabin, a year ago, and was necessarily compelled to allow herself to be taken to his house for attention, on account of injuries received. Her cabin is represented as having been kept with the utmost neatness. She seems to have liked her benefactor above all other persons, and, before her death, willed him all her property, with the exception of two acres of land, which she gave to the truant Eliza.

"Notwithstanding that she grew old and decrepit, and emaciated and childish, she never forgot her lover, whom she remembered even in death. She now lies buried amidst the scenes of her long life."

☞ In Cardiganshire, England, a young man disappointed in a love affair, sent a bill containing the following items to his "deceitful love," after she had been wedded to another: Li—Nov. 4, 1868.—Mrs. ——, late Miss, to Mr. ——. To 53 glasses of wine, at different fairs and markets, 13s. 3d.; to 1 pair of shoes, and healing another pair that I wore out in going and coming from ——, 4s. 6d.; for doctor's bill for curing a cough, caught by waiting under your window on a wet night, £9 9s. 9d.; to postage, &c., 1s. 11d., to deceiving me and throwing me out of a partner for life, £100; to enticing me to come to —— 99 times, at 2s. 6d. each time, £13; to 12 days lost in your company, £4 7s. 6d.—£128 14s. 9d."

☞ A girl keeper of a toll-gate in England was asked by a swell velocipedist, who thought to chaff her, how much he had to pay. "That, sir," replied she, "depends upon whether you ride through the gate, or whether you get off your dandy horse and drag it through; because in that case every two-wheeled vehicle drawn by a horse or an ass pays three-pence."

☞ There are with Lopez now not to exceed 10,000 men, and there may be of wounded 5,000 more, leaving alive in Paraquay a total of 15,000 out of 151,000 soldiers. There are a few outside of Paraquay as refugees or as prisoners, but the number is not large. About one-fifth part of the population of Paraquay have perished in this war.

☞ A lady who has just returned from passing the winter in Florida, states that a planter made his appearance in town from the depths of the everglades, bringing with him two negroes for sale! He was actually ignorant that there had been a war! Imagine his feelings at the sudden depreciation of his movable property! (Rather doubtful.)

☞ Mr. G. W. Cogwill, of Iowa township, Iowa, owns a farm of one hundred and twenty acres, one mile east of Albion, upon which he has now growing ten thousand trees, of all sizes, from two seven or eight years' growth. He plants trees year after year, and his timber will very soon double the value of his farm.

☞ The worst aspect of the recent French elections, is the tendency manifested by the opposition to sustain socialists and other men of extreme and violent political views, in preference to moderate and truly able statesmen. Of course if France has to choose between the Mountain and the Empire, she will very wisely keep the Empire, even if Universal Suffrage has to be abandoned.

A Horrible Story—A Young Lady Buried Alive.

About a month ago the lower portion of the Second District of New Orleans, was thrown into a state of excitement about the mysterious circumstances under which a young lady of that locality, and very well connected, had been buried, and yet no definite information could be gathered to authorize publication in the papers.

Since that time, however, we have been enabled to obtain the following facts:—The young lady, whose name it is unnecessary to mention, upon returning from early mass on Sunday morning, was suddenly taken ill of disease of the heart, and, as was supposed at the time, was suffocated to death, owing to her unusual fleshiness. A physician, her own uncle, had attended her in her last moments, and pronounced her dead.

The death of this young lady in the bloom of life (at the age of twenty) caused much sympathy in the neighborhood, and her funeral, which took place in the evening of the day of her death, attracted a large concourse of people. She died about one o'clock in the morning—and the funeral occurred at five in the evening.

So far there is nothing remarkable in this account except probably the short lapse of time from the time of the lady's death to that of her interment in one of the Catholic cemeteries of the Second district.

But the report goes on to say, that on that same evening the sexton of the graveyard, having some business to attend to in town, left his son, of mature age, in charge of the keys, with the instruction to close the gates at the usual hour, after making his round through the cemetery, in order that no visitor might be accidentally confined inside. About dusk, the sexton's son while going his round, passing near the tomb in which the young lady had been buried scarcely an hour before, heard low and heart-rending moanings coming from behind the marble slab. Losing his self-possession, and overcome with fear, he hurriedly left the scene, and closing the main gate of the cemetery, went home, and it was not until morning that he related the circumstance to his horror-stricken family. Information of the fact was immediately sent to the bereaved family of the deceased, and workmen were soon engaged in opening the tomb and breaking open the coffin inclosing the remains of the young lady.

The spectacle was too horrible to describe. Her face and body were in a horrible state of distortion, and her hair torn from the roots.

In the terrible convulsions which had preceded her death, she had literally harrowed her beautiful face with her nails, and her clenched fists in contact with her foaming lips showed the traces of her teeth. It is unnecessary to say that life was entirely extinct.—*N. O. Times.*

INSECT DESTROYERS.—The usefulness of small birds as destroyers of insects is thoroughly recognized by the Saxon Government, as is shown by a curious scene witnessed recently on the market place at Dresden. A body of police suddenly made their appearance, and, without any previous warning, seized all the cages containing singing birds exposed for sale, and released their inmates. A decree has also been issued, forbidding, under penalty of a fine, the killing or trapping of these useful songsters, and containing especially severe regulations with regard to bird-nesting. In France, notwithstanding all the efforts of the Government, the slaughter still continues. At a rookshooting party, last month, in the Bois du Boulogne, no less than five thousand of these useful birds were destroyed, though at the very time the trees were swarming with caterpillars.

LASSOOING A LOCOMOTIVE.—A party of Indians on the line of the Central Pacific Railroad, but not well posted in railroad matters, attempted to lasso a locomotive the other day. They made a lariat, and perceiving the monster approaching, stretched it across the track, either end being held firmly by twenty or thirty of the would-be captors. The engine came tumbling along, the lariat was struck just below the head-light, and it is said the Indians exhibited greater feats of ground and lofty tumbling than was ever seen in a first-class circus.

PURE WATER.—We wonder that travellers do not carry with them a little bottle of permanganate of potash—a few drops of which would speedily purify any water. A friend of ours, who has just returned from India, tells us that he has derived the greatest benefit from its employment. In cases where the water was turbid, and tasting and smelling of decaying organic matter, the addition of a few drops of the solution of the permanganate made it, in a few minutes, as clear and as sweet as spring water.—*Med. Times and Gazette.*

☞ A New York editor says A. T. Stewart's and his own united incomes amount to $3,019,213, and wants Mr. S. to "divide even." The last three figures represents the editorial proportion of the pile.

☞ In Baltimore, on the 17th, the remains of Junius Brutus Booth, the great actor, were transferred from Baltimore to Greenmount Cemetery. The bodies of his children, buried in Harford county, and also that of John Wilkes Booth, are to be interred side by side in the same cemetery.

☞ In speaking of a clerical friend who possesses a very rubicund countenance, some one said, the other day: "I don't think he drinks; in fact I know he does not, for he told me so; but he probably sleeps in a bed with red curtains."

☞ A handsome block of rose colored Alabaster, the largest known, containing 2,437 cubic feet, has recently been unearthed in a mound at Rome.

☞ Old Bishop Hopkins, of Vermont, called on the Harpers, one day, lighted a good cigar, took up a dozen numbers of Punch, and took his ease as kindly as Falstaff at his inn. One of the Harper Brothers brought a dozen religious exchanges and asked him if he would not like to take them home to read on Sunday. "Oh! Harper," exclaimed the old divine, "how could you? Here I am with a fine cigar and this genial Punch, at peace with all the world, feeling good-natured and thinking well of my fellow-creatures. But if I should read those papers, I would soon get irritated, cross, and disgusted with human nature. No, I don't want them."

☞ The ability of the female tongue to keep a secret is proved by the conduct of a St. John's girl, who did not tell her lover that she was worth four millions in her own right until after the marriage.

Influence of Weather on Health.

The Medical Record contains a variety of valuable and interesting matter. Among other things, the Record gives the following "nine aphorisms" of Dr. Ballard upon the relations the atmosphere to health:

"1st. That an increase of atmospheric temperature is normally associated with an increase of general sickness.

"2nd. That a decrease of atmospheric temperature is normally associated with a diminution of general sickness.

"3rd. That for the most part the increase or decrease of sickness is proportional in amount to the extent to which the atmospheric temperature rises or falls.

"4th. That it is an error to suppose (as is popularly held) that sudden changes in temperature are (as a rare rule) damaging to public health. A sudden change from cold to hot weather is indeed very damaging; but a sudden change from hot to cold is one of the most favorable circumstances that can occur when sickness is regarded broadly as respects a large population.

"5th. That, remarkably enough, these influences are most marked in the directions I have mentioned in the colder season of the year, and more certain in the winter than in the summer.

"6th. That rises and falls of temperature are more certain and effectual in their special operation upon public health when at the same time the daily range of temperature is lessened, than they are when the daily range is at the same time increased; rises of temperature increasing sickness more certainly and markedly, and falls of temperature decreasing it more certainly and markedly.

"7th. That a fall of rain lessens sickness generally, sometimes immediately, sometimes after a short interval, and that, as a rule, the reduction of general sickness is greater when the fall of rain is heavy than when it is light.

"8th. That drought, on the other hand, tends to augment general sickness.

"9th. That wet weather in the summer season operates more certainly in improving public health than it does in the winter season."

☞ A colored woman in Colfax township, South Carolina, presented four boys to her husband one day this month. The father is sixty-seven years old.

☞ The use of absinthe is said to be increasing to an alarming extent in New York. Many of the bars retail it as they do other liquors.

☞ Clarksville, Kentucky, is governed by a close corporation. There are nine trustees, elected for life, who administer all the affairs of the community, and who fill all vacancies occurring in their number. The state has no power under the charter to compel the village to pay any school tax, nor to bear any of the general expenses of the state. It is, in fact, an independent confederacy in the midst of the "sovereign state of Kentucky."

☞ A London paper contains the following advertisement:—"If Samuel Bibo will call or write to Mr. Samuel Stern, Paradise street, Liverpool, he will hear of something to his advantage. His wife is no more."

☞ Hon. S. S. Cox, M. C. from New York, now travelling in Africa, writes home that he has seen a woman weighing 600 pounds.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—There has been more active. Sales 12,000 bbls superfine at $5@5,50; extra at $5,75@6; North-West extra family at $6,75@6,50, the latter rate for choice; Pennsylvania family at $6@7,50; Ohio and Indiana family at $6,75@8; and fancy brands $8,50@11 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—In Wheat there has been more doing; 50,000 bus of red sold $1,20@1,50, the latter rate for prime; 30,000 bus of Southern and Western amber at $1,55@1,65, the latter rate for choice Michigan; 4000 bus of California at $1,68@1,70; 2000 bus No 1 spring at $1,40@1,45; and 5000 bus of white at $1,65@1,80 ₱ bus, according to quality. Rye—2500 bus of Western and Pennsylvania sold at $1,25@1,30. Prime Corn—35,000 bus of yellow at 92@93c; 9000 bus of Western yellow at 92@92c; 30,000 bus of Western mixed at 87@88c; 16,000 bus of high mixed at 89@91c. Oats—55,000 bus sold at 72@77c for Western; 80@60c for Southern, and 68@70c for Pennsylvania.

PROVISIONS—There has been more doing. Sales of 600 bbls mess Pork at $32@32,50. Bacon—Sales of Sides at 18@19c, and Shoulders at 15c. Green Meats—Sales of salt shoulders at 13½@14c. Lard—Sales of 500 bbls and tes Western at 19½@20½c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter—Sales of solid packed at 15@20c, and prime roll at 23@32c. Cheese Sales of prime factory at 20@21c. Eggs sell at 20@21c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—The market has been active. About 1700 bales of middlings sold at 32@32½c for Uplands, and 34@34½c for New Orleans.

HAY—Sales of prime Timothy ₱ 100 lbs $1,40@1,45; mixed do $1,25@1,30; inferior do $1,15@1,20, and Straw $1,80@1,90.

SEEDS—We quote Cloverseed at $8@9, according to quality. Timothy is quoted at $3. Flaxseed is selling at $2,70@2,75 ₱ bus.

WOOL—There is more doing; 275,000 lbs sold at 34c for new medium unwashed; 30@32c for fine do; 35c for extra; 60@62c for fine; 51@52c for one-half blood; 50c for one-quarter blood; 45@47c for common; 57@60c for fine; 40@42c for pulled; 60c for washed combing; 45c for unwashed combing, and 48@50c for washed fleece.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1800 head. The prices realized from 9½@9¾ cts ₱ lb. 130 Cows brought from $45 to 65 ₱ head. Sheep—10,000 head were disposed of at from 5@6½c ₱ lb. 2500 Hogs sold at from $13,00 to 13,75 ₱ 100 lbs.

☞ "Oh, where do you get the red for your cheeks?" said a pale, wan young lady to a bright laughing minx. "Where the roses get theirs, in the air and sunlight," was the reply.

Dr. Gourand's Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier.

This preparation has acquired a reputation which makes it sought after by ladies coming from or going to the most distant countries, for it has no equal or rival in its beautifying qualities. Like all other of Dr. Gourand's preparations this has extended its sale until it has become a specialty by its own merits, and is not the creature of mere advertising notoriety. It is recommended from one customer to another on actual knowledge of its value and utility. Prepared by Dr. FELIX GOURAUD, 48 Bond street, removed from 458 Broadway, New York, and to be had of all druggists. je26-3m

☞ It is proposed to erect works in New York for the manufacture of oxygen gas according to the new French method. Several gentlemen have already had works put up to supply their private houses with the French oxygen gas.

Burnett's Kalliston,

For beautifying the complexion, has no equal. It is distinguished for its cooling and soothing properties, and is admirably adapted to all unnatural conditions of the skin.

☞ A lady called recently at the office of the Newport (R. I.) News, and paid for the paper to be sent to a neighbor, who had troubled her so much by borrowing it that she took this method to get rid of the nuisance.

THE ALABAMA CLAIMS.—The Pall Mall Gazette, in an article on the present relations between England and America, says, that a single sentence will contain the summing up of the present attitude and future policy of England on the Alabama question. "We will pay any fairly awarded damages for injuries done to American citizens by the unintentional negligence of the English Government—but we will do nothing which involves an admission that our Government was not acting in good faith, or that either compensation or apology is due for any insult offered to the American nation. In the maintenance of this language, Englishmen are prepared to go all lengths. They do not want war—for many reasons they would greatly deprecate war, but they deprecate national humiliation more than national suffering, and rather than concede such demands as those lately put forward, they accept war certainly."

S-a-r-s-a-p-a-r-i-l-l-i-a-n.

HIDDEN VIRTUES BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

For 200 years the curative properties of Sarsaparilla have lain dormant in a part of the root, that have escaped the notice of chemists. By the *new process recently discovered* by *Dr. RADWAY*, in extracting the medicinal properties from vegetable substances that enter the composition of *RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT*, *SARSAPARILLIAN*, the crystalline principle of Sarsaparilla, was found to possess *the true virtues* ascribed to this root, and, obtained as it now is under *Dr. RADWAY'S new process*, rescues, by its wonderful curative power over all forms of Chronic, Skin, Scrofulous, and uncured secondary diseases, the reputation of Sarsaparilla from the unfavorable opinions of the medical faculty.

SARSAPARILLIAN, *SARSAPARILLIAN*, associated with other ingredients of extraordinary curative properties, enters into the composition of *RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT*, and this remedy may now be considered as the most effectual and quick curative remedy in all Chronic Glandular, Skin, Kidney, Bladder, and Urinary diseases. In diseases of the Lungs, Bronchi, Throat, and Liver, it affords immediate assistance. It communicates its curative powers through the blood, sweat, and urine. The moment it is swallowed it commences its work of purification and the expulsion of corrupt humors from the blood. It repairs the waste of the body with sound and healthy material, and secures functional harmony of each deprived organ in the natural secretion of its proper constituents. In cases where there is difficulty in the Kidneys, and Diabetes, Gravel, Catarrh, or Irritation of the Bladder, Bright's Disease, &c., &c., is present, this remedy will give immediate relief, and insure a cure.

Question.—Dr. A. asks, "Will your Resolvent make a permanent cure of uncured secondary disease? If so, have you satisfactory proof?"

Answer.—We have a number of cases of persons that were unsuccessfully treated on the Parisian plan of vapor baths of Mercury, Arsenic, Sulphur, and the administration of Mercury, Potass, Iodine, where their sufferings were only suppressed, and in a few months the disease appeared again—that as far back as 1849-50—and when treated by the Renovating Resolvent, as prepared under the new process, were cured, and, since married, have had children, and no trace of disease or impure blood has been developed in their children up to this time. We have not heard of one instance of the reappearance of the old disease that was treated by the Resolvent under its new mode of preparation. As it is now prepared, its power over all diseases generated in the blood, or where there are poisonous elements in the blood, either Scrofula, Skin Diseases, Pimples, Pustules, Ulcers, Fever Sores, Worms in the Skin, Salt Rheum, Cancerous Ulcers or Tumors, is quick and positive. In all cases where there is disease caused by impure blood, depraved habit of system, functional derangement, or through the evil effects of Mercury or imperfect digestion, this remedy *will cure*, if it is in the power of human agency to do so. The experience of over 25 years gives us confidence in the curative efficacy of our remedies, and justifies us in making these promises to the public.

Price of R. R. Resolvent (Sarsaparillian), $5 for six bottles, or $1 per bottle, at No. 87 Maiden lane, and by druggists. Ask for *RADWAY'S RESOLVENT*, and see that each bottle has the word *SARSAPARILLIAN* on the outside label.

RADWAY & Co., No. 87 Maiden lane, New York.

Sold by Druggists everywhere, and in Philadelphia by Johnston, Holloway & Cowden, 602 Arch St. my29-tf

HAWTHORN ON POLITICIANS.—I pray that in one year more I may find some way of escaping from this unblest Custom House; for it is a very grievous thraldom. I do detest all offices—all, at least, that are held on political tenure. And I want nothing to do with politicians. Their hearts wither away, and die out of their bodies. Their consciences are turned to India-rubber, or to some substance as black as that, and which will stretch as much. One thing, if no more, I have gained by my Custom House experience—to know a politician. It is a knowledge which no previous thought or power of sympathy would have taught me, because the animal, or the machine rather, is not in nature.

Something New and Startling.

Psychologic Attraction, Fascination, or Science of the Soul. A new book, 400 pages, nonpariel, elegantly bound in cloth, by Herbert Hamilton, M. A., author of "Natural Forces," etc. This wonderful book contains full and complete instructions to enable any one to fascinate and gain the confidence or love of either sex, and control or subject the brute creation at will. All possess and can exert this mental power, by reading this book (not a mere circular or advertising scheme), which can be obtained by sending your address and postage to the publishers.

sep26-1y T. W. EVANS & Co.,

139 South 7th st., or 41 South 8th st., Philadelphia.

☞ The Masonic Knights Templars had a grand parade in this city last week, on the occasion of the semi-centennial anniversary of St. John's Commandery of this city. It was one of the handsomest parades we have ever had in Philadelphia. The Knights generally had the full dress of the Order, consisting of the chapeau and feather, together with the sword and sash handsomely embroidered. The Knights of this city appeared in what is called an undress uniform, consisting of the ordinary uniform of a Knight, except the fatigue cap. All the officers wore the chapeau, and in that respect marked the distinction between the officers and members.

A Useful Household Machine.

The most perfect WRINGER of which we have knowledge is the UNIVERSAL. We do our readers a real service when we commend such a machine to their notice.—*New York Sun.*

SPURGEON AND HIS TABERNACLE.—The capacity of public buildings, and the numbers assembled therein, are apt to be greatly over estimated. Mr. Spurgeon's sexton informs visitors that the Tabernacle will hold 7,100 people. But an "experienced architect" informs the New York Examiner that he had made an actual count, "the result of which was, 1,700 for the principal floor, 1,100 for the first gallery, and 900 for the second—total, 3,700. This is all that the seats will hold without packing; possibly 4,000 may be packed into them. And then, from 300 to 500 may be accommodated with standing-room in the aisles. I doubt if ever there where more than 4,500 people present at one time in the house."

Nature is the Great Physician.

This is now admitted, by the medical profession, as a fundamental principle of healing science. It is wisely provided by the human economy that whenever anything is wrong in the physical system the natural forces of the body are brought to bear to expel the disease. The great aim, therefore, is to strengthen the natural powers. This has been kept in view by the skillful compounders of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS, which operates to give fresh vitality to all the organs of the body. The effect of this medicine upon the stomach, the liver and the kidneys, is prompt and decisive. The patient, who is wise enough to quit dragging and try the BITTERS, soon feels as if he had taken a new lease of life, and as he continues the use of the article, he is overjoyed to find the streams of health coursing through his frame. It is prepared with great care, and its component parts are entirely vegetable. It is free from the objections so often urged against preparations of the kind. As a *MEDICAL AGENT* it has no equal, while its pleasing flavor and healthful effects have made it a general favorite. It is free from all properties calculated to impair the system, and its operations are at once mild, soothing and efficient. All who have used HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS attest its virtues.

Even those who are in the enjoyment of perfect health frequently have need to have recourse to tonics as preventives of disease. We are never too well armed against the assaults of "the ills that flesh is heir to." In health or sickness this tonic cannot be taken regularly without giving vitality and elasticity to the system. je5-4t

☞ A man recently made the tour of Olmsted county, Wisconsin, pretending to be a travelling agent for the sale of agricultural machinery. He procured the names of several farmers on slips of paper, pretending that he wanted to use them as references. Subsequently he filled up the blanks preceding the names of the confiding farmers with notes of hand, got them discounted, and then disappeared.

For Black Worms,

And Pimples on the face, use Perry's Comedone and Pimple Remedy. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. Perry, 49 Bond st., New York. Sold everywhere. The trade supplied in Philadelphia, by my8-3m JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & COWDEN.

☞ Breach of Promise trials are a proof of low views of marriage, and a low state of civilization. We cannot imagine a man or woman of any delicacy or refinement bringing such a suit. Such a suit in itself almost proves that the motive for the desired marriage was a mercenary one.

To Remove Moth Patches,

Freckles and Tan from the face, use Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion. Sold by all Druggists. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. Perry. my8-3m

☞ An expedition has been formed, consisting of a party of gentlemen, who are going over the route for the purpose of judging of its merits as a feasible line for a railroad, to start from the head of Lake Superior to Seattle, on Puget Sound. It is also designed to build a branch to Portland, on the Columbia river. If the route proves as favorable as it has been reported to be, Messrs. Jay Cooke & Co., and others, will, it is presumed, proceed at once to put the work in motion. It is deemed to be a work of national importance, and we learn that Lieutenant General Sherman has ordered a special military escort for the party.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.—Asthma and Quinsy frightful diseases! exclaims the reader. We admit they were frightful thirty years ago; but Holloway's Ointment has disarmed them of their danger; by its use they can now be quickly and permanently cured; it never fails.

☞ Philadelphia has had a splendid strawberry crop this year—and often as low as eight and ten cents a quart. On Tuesday week the supply of strawberries was the largest ever known in New York. The rain checked the sale of them, and the market was perfectly glutted. Prices touched ten cents a quart for good qualities. In the afternoon the common average sold as low as six cents. Whole cargoes of Norfolk berries were thrown into the river.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. Francis Church, Mr. JOHN MELLON to Miss ELIZABETH SINCLAIR, both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. W. J. Paxson, Mr. WILLIAM SMITH, Jr., to Miss ANNA L. BONSON, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Burton J. Kollock, WILLIAM EVANS to MARY A. WATSON, both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. J. S. Kennard, Mr. HERMAN E. CUNNINGHAM to Miss JOSEPHINE R. CAIN, both of this city.

On the 12th of April, by the Rev. Wm. O. Johnstone, ROBERT BARKHEAD, to Mrs. MARY RITCHIE.

On the 16th instant, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. JOHN W. BARNETT to Miss EMMA MILLER, both of Wilmington, Del.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 15th instant, HANNAH MCKINLEY, in her 54th year.

On the 15th instant, GEORGE W. GREAT, in his 73d year.

On the 14th instant, Rev. NORRIS M. JONES, in his 68th year.

On the 14th instant, Mrs. RACHEL HARRIS, in her 76th year.

On the 14th instant, CHARLES CONROW, in his 22d year.

On the 13th instant, WILLIAM D. SHERAMAN, in his 54th year.

On the 13th instant, WILLIAM J., son of David S. and Rebecca S. Paul, aged 22 years.

On the 13th instant, WILLIAM GALBRAITH, aged 61 years.

On the 12th instant, JOHN T. CONNELL, in his 42d year.

FADED FLOWERS.

An old man now I sit and think,
  Alone and sad to-night;
Some faded flowers, tied up with pink,
  Have dropped before the light.
The book I reached from off the stand
  Seemed quite untouched for ages;
It opened wide within my hand,
  These flowers between the pages.

At once my thoughts go back for years,
  My present life fades fast;
My eyes grow dim—unbidden tears
  Spring forth and fall at last;
And all the mist of years rolls by,
  And all the weary hours,
And once again I hear the sigh
  Of *one* who plucked those flowers.

I stand once more beside the stile—
  Our usual trysting place—
I watch the look and note the smile
  Of *one* sweet upturned face.
And then the mist rolls back again,
  And all seems like a dream;
The woodland path, the hawthorn lane,
  The flowers beside the stream.

Ah, me! these simple faded flowers
  Have brought back all the past,
My shadowed life, my wasted hours,
  My hopes, so soon o'ercast.
Sad memories, lying hushed for years,
  Have sprung to life once more;
I rise and murmur 'midst my tears,
  "Not lost, but gone before."

The Bible:

Illustrated by Oriental Usages.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

No. 10.—FUNERALS.

"And when Jesus came into the ruler's house, and saw the minstrels, and the people making a noise, He said unto them, give place, for the maiden is not dead, but sleepeth. And they laughed Him to scorn." Matt. ix. 23, 24. The minstrels knew full well that she was dead—yes, surely *dead*—else why were *they* called in? Their very presence in the house indicated that death had been there before them; and they regarded with scornful contempt the affirmation of Jesus, that she whom they so frantically bewailed was not dead, but only sleeping. Jairus, the ruler, had just sought out the Divine Redeemer, and told him, "my daughter is even now *dead;* but come and lay thine hand upon her, and she shall live." Coming to the house, they heard the noise of the minstrels or hired musicians playing on their instruments, and singing mournful ditties—perhaps uttering shrieks and lamentations, to testify to the worth of the departed, and excite the sympathy of spectators. Jesus calmly bids them retire—"if the maiden were dead, your music would be called for; but she *sleeps* only, a short slumber from which I shall presently arouse her, and therefore the services of the minstrels with their instruments and their songs are altogether out of place."

How strange all this sounds to our *Western* ears. Minstrels, music and *songs in the house of the dead*—mocking the grief of bereaved parents—according to our ideas, setting aside the commonest proprieties of life. But "*de gustibus non est disputandum*," and nations as well as individuals adopt strange customs—strange, at least, to the uninitiated. The reply of Jesus tacitly recognizes the prevalent custom of thus bewailing the dead—his reason for directing them to desist being simply that the maiden did not properly belong to the class for whom mourners were called in requisition. The custom of summoning minstrels with their instruments of music—of "making a noise" over the dead—is of very ancient origin, and is thus referred to by the prophet Jeremiah: "Call for the mourning women that they may come, and send for cunning women that they may come; and let them make haste, and take up a wailing for us, that our eyes may run down with tears, and our eyelids gush out with waters." Jer. ix. 17, 18.

The same custom is almost universal among Orientals of the present day; and by these fervid, excitable children of nature, is carried to an excess that people of more refinement, accustomed to veil their emotions, find it difficult to comprehend.

Many Eastern nations, instead of burying, *burn* their dead, and the mode of incremation is especially preferred by the higher and more wealthy classes, as it enables them to preserve and take with them wherever they go the precious dust of their beloved dead. And this, to the fancy-loving children of the Tropics, with their ardent temperament and highly-wrought imagination, proves a very weighty consideration; whilst they believe that the spirits of the dead mourn if the bodies they once tenanted are even in the form of dust or ashes left untended by affection and unwatered by loving tears. In many old and wealthy families of Southeastern Asia it is not unusual to see arranged in the family receptacle, massive golden urns, containing the ashes of eight, ten, or twelve generations of ancestors; and these are treasured as precious relics, and descend as heir-looms through the eldest male branch of the house.

The Siamese, Burmese, Cambojians, and many of the surrounding nations *burn* their dead; while the Chinese, Persians, Armenians, and some others lay the remains of their loved ones beneath the green sod, and surround them with fragrant flowers; but *the details of the funeral* are strikingly similar in both cases.

In Siam, among the higher classes, the body is laid unmutilated (except for the removal of the intestines and abdominal viscera) in the coffin, and is more or less carefully embalmed according to the time that is intended to elapse before the burning.

The body of a *subject*, however wealthy, may not be kept over a month; that of a deceased *noble* lies in state from one to six months, according to his rank and office under the reigning king, while for members of the royal family, from six to ten months usually intervene between the death and the burning. During the whole of this period the body lies in state at the house of the nearest relative, is embalmed with spices, aromatic oils and fragrant perfumes, decorated morning and evening with fresh flowers, and covered over with a silken canopy. All the relatives make frequent prostrations before the body, uttering piercing lamentations, and declaring in dolorous accents that they cannot live without the departed, and beseeching him to return again to his disconsolate friends. This form is gone through with, no matter how disagreeable or troublesome the deceased may have been; and it is understood to be only a necessary part of the prescribed form of mourning for the dead; nor is it ever resorted to with any hope of bringing back the departed. In this ceremony the *hired* minstrels always take the lead, and their well-dissembled shrieks and groans and wails of anguish would melt the hardest heart, did not everybody know that they utter only so many plaints as they *are paid for*, and that the groans and shrieks are long and loud just in proportion as the purse is heavy with gold!

When the time arrives for the incremation, the body is laid on a lofty podestal, which contains at the top a hollow cavity large enough to hold the corpse, with the fagots of sandal wood, myrrh, and frankincense, that are used to light the funeral pyre. These are carefully separated from the body by a sort of kiln, so as effectually to prevent the ashes of the corpse from mingling with those of the wood. The bier is covered with gold or silver tissue, and the body profusely decorated with blossoms of the tube rose, the golden henna, and the sweet-scented *dank-male;* while graceful draperies of jasmine, japonica, and the thousand floral treasures of that sunny clime, beautify and etherealize the whole, and load the atmosphere with their delicate perfume.

The nearest relatives surround the bier; crowds of men, women, and children, in holiday garb, throng every avenue; and the interval, till the propitious hour for the burning to begin, is filled up with rude jesting, ribald songs, and all sorts of uproarious mirth, by those who go thither from curiosity, or to while off the tedium of a leisure or lonely hour. When the officiating priest announces that the lucky hour has arrived, his subordinates begin, in measured tones, the repetition of the required formula; old women rush into the arena with dishevelled hair, uttering piercing wails and lamentations; the assembled musicians play their mournful dirges: and amid the din and confusion caused by these discordant sounds, a Budhist priest applies the sacred fire to innumerable small tapers, which are handed indiscriminately to all who are sufficiently near to reach the pyre, each thus facilitating the work of demolition.

While this is going on, mirth and music are at their highest pitch, songs and chants from the laity, prayers and incantations from the clergy, dolorous wails from the hired mourners, and light jests from the thoughtless crowd, each striving for the ascendency, and producing, in their combination, an effect so ludicrous as utterly to dislodge every serious thought. As the flames gleam more fiercely, and send forth their forked tongues of lurid glare, the music becoming ever more wild and frantic, the nearest relatives toss bundles of clothing across the flaming bier, uttering ever and anon, in low, plaintive tones, prayers and incantations, which the next moment are lost in the solemn, wailing dirge, or wild, unearthly song. Meantime the priests, in their yellow robes, and shielding by their priestly-fans their own sacred persons from the vulgar gaze of the despised laity, completely encircle the pyre; and one or two hold the end of the tube, through which the ashes of the burning body is to be conveyed into a small urn of gold, silver, or brass, according to the rank of the deceased. Thus the work of demolition is completed—the flames have faithfully fulfilled their sad mission, and of that which was once a pefect human body, the dwelling place of an immortal soul, made in the image and likeness of God, there remains but a few handfuls of smoking ashes; while to future generations, its last resting-place will be as untraceable, and far less sublimely beautiful than the sailor boy's trackless grave beneath the deep blue sea, where old ocean plays a perpetual requiem, and sea-nymphs weave corals rich and rare among the golden curls that play around the fair, young brow.

Calvin in Search of a Wife.

In spite of the distressed state of his pecuniary affairs, Calvin was at this time looking for a wife to help him to bear his burdens. Calvin in love is indeed a peculiar phase of his history. He had now arrived at the sufficiently mature age of thirty; and as his imaginations had never been very susceptible, so, in the business of choosing a helpmate, he was guided wholly by motives of prudence and convenience. In fact, he left the matter entirely to his friends, just as one would buy a horse or any other thing, giving them instructions as to the sort of article he wanted.

Writing to Farel, on the 19th of May, 1539, he says: "I will now speak more plainly about marriage. I know not if any one mentioned to you her whom I wrote about before the departure of Michael, but I beseech you ever to bear in mind what I seek for in a wife. I am not one of your mad kind of lovers, who dote even upon faults when once they are taken by beauty of person. The only beauty that entices me is that she be chaste, obedient, humble, economical, patient; and that there be hopes that she will be solicitous about my health. If, therefore, you think it expedient that I should marry, bestir yourself, lest somebody else anticipate you. But if you thind otherwise, let us drop the subject altogether."

From another letter to Farel, dated the 6th of February, 1540, it appears that a young German lady, rich and of noble birth, had been proposed to him. Both the brother of the lady and his wife were anxious that Calvin should espouse her. The latter, however, scrupled on two grounds; because the lady was unacquainted with French, and because he was afraid that she might think too much of her birth and education. If the marriage was to take place, he insisted that his bride should learn French; but on her requiring time to consider of this, Calvin despatched his brother and a friend to fetch him home another lady, and congratulates himself on the escape he has had. He speaks in high terms of his fresh choice. * * * * It appears, however, from another letter to the same friend, dated on the 21st of June, 1540, that this match, of which he had thought so highly, was also broken off. After these failures, Calvin expressed a doubt whether he should prosecute his matrimonial project any further. Soon afterwards, however, by the advice of Bucer, he married Odolette or Idelette de Bures, the widow of an Anabaptist at Strasburgh, whom he had converted. * * * * Idelette had several children by her former marriage, in whom Calvin seems to have taken some interest. By Calvin she had only one child, a son, who died shortly after his birth.—*Life of Calvin.*

☞ A Parisian author has translated Shakspeare's line, "Out, brief candle," into French thus: "Get out, *you short candle.*"

A Little Sermon.

Sitting in a station the other day, I had a little sermon preached to me in the way I like; and I'll report it for your benefit, because it taught me one of the beautiful lessons which we all should learn, and taught it in such a natural, simple way, that no one could forget it. It was a bleak, snowy day; the train was late; the ladies' room dark and smoky, and the dozen women, old and young, who sat waiting impatiently, all looked cross, low-spirited or stupid. I felt all three; and thought as I looked around, that my fellow-beings were a very unamiable and uninteresting set.

Just then a forlorn old woman, shaking with palsy, came in with a basket of little wares for sale, and went about mutely offering them to sitters. Nobody bought anything, and the poor old soul stood blinking at the door a minute, as if reluctant to go out into the bitter storm again. She turned, presently, and poked about the room, as if trying to find something; and then a pale lady in black, who lay as if asleep on a sofa, opened her eyes, saw the old woman, and instantly asked, in a kind tone—

"Have you lost anything, ma'am?"

"No, dear. I'm looking for the heatin' place, to have a warm 'fore I goes out agin. My eyes is poor and I don't seem to find the furnace nowhere."

"Here it is;" and the lady led her to the steam radiator, placed a chair, and showed her how to warm her feet.

"Well, now, ain't that nice?" said the old woman, spreading her ragged mittens to dry. "Thanky, dear, this is proper comfortable, ain't it? I'm most froze today, bein' lame and wimbly; and not selling much makes me sort of down-hearted."

The lady smiled, went to the counter, bought a cup of tea and some sort of food, carried it herself to the old woman, and said, as respectfully and kindly as if the poor soul had been dressed in silk and fur—

"Won't you have a cup of hot tea? It's very comforting such a day as this."

"Sakes alive! Do they give tea to this depot?" cried the old lady, in a tone of innocent surprise, that made a smile go round the room, touching the gloomiest face like a streak of sunshine. "Well, now, this is jest lovely," added the old lady, sipping away with a relish. "This does warm my old heart."

While she refreshed herself, telling her story meanwhile, the lady looked over the poor little wares in the basket, bought soap and pins, shoe strings and tape, and cheered the old soul by paying well for them.

As I watched her doing this, I thought what a sweet face she had, though I'd considered her rather plain before. I felt dreadfully ashamed of myself, that I had grimly shaken my head when the basket was offered me; and as I saw a look of interest, sympathy and kindness come into the dismal faces all round me, I did wish that I had been the magician to call it out. It was only a kind word and a friendly act; but somehow it brightened that dingy room wonderfully. It changed the faces of a dozen women; and I think it touched a dozen hearts—for I saw many eyes follow the plain, pale lady with sudden respect; and when the old woman, with many thanks, got up to go, several persons beckoned to her, and bought something, as if they wanted to repair their first negligence.

Old beggar women are not romantic; neither are cups of tea; boot-lacings and colored soaps—there were no gentlemen present to be impressed by the lady's kind act; so it wasn't done for effect, and no possible reward could be received for it, except the ungrammatical thanks of a ragged old woman. But that simple little charity was as good as a sermon to those who saw it; and I think each traveller went on her way, better for that half hour in the dreary station. I can testify that one of them did, and nothing but the emptiness of her purse, prevented her from "comforting the heart" of every forlorn old woman she met for a week after.

Œdipus and the Sphinx.

Rev. John Weiss in a recent essay, reported by Mrs. L. C. Moulton, in the A. S. Standard, gives the following brief of the story of Œdipus:—

The Greeks were in the habit of considering every calamity as the punishment for some especial sin; but in this story they embodied a feeling that besides Fate there was also Fatality in human life; something in the regular sequence of events that could not be referred to violations of divine law, though it might be due to ignorance and weakness: something, unfortunate as well as retributive, that deepened the Greek reverence for the closeness of the invisible world. We often say of a person—"It is just his luck," not blaming him, but recognizing the fact of his being, so to speak, born to misfortune. Now Œdipus seems to have been pre-eminently born to misfortune.

He was the son of Laius and Jocasta of Thebes. Exposed on Mount Citheron by his parents to forestall the fulfillment of a prophecy that his father would lose his life at his hands, left there with his feet pierced through and tied together, he yet lived to be called Œdipus, a word which means swollen feet, for he was, though comely and well-proportioned, a trifle halt and uncertain in his movements from this early exposure. A shepherd finds him, and carries him to the palace of Polybus and Merope, at Corinth, where, by that royal couple, he was adopted and brought up.

For a long time he supposes himself to be their son, but learning by some chance that he is not, he repairs to Delphi for an oracle. He is cautioned to beware of meeting his father and his mother, for if he should meet his father he would slay him, and if he should meet his mother, a yet more direful disaster would ensue. Still half believing that Polybus is his father, he will not return to Corinth, but takes the road to Thebes. Now this was about the time of the ravages of the Sphinx, and Laius (the real father of Œdipus) chanced to be on his way to Delphi, to consult the oracle. Father and son met in a narrow passage, where some trouble about passing each other grew into a quarrel and Œdipus killed his father.

Arrived at Thebes, he found the whole country agitated by the presence of the Sphinx. She had propounded a famous riddle, and refused to leave the place till it was guessed; but every one who attempted to guess it and failed she devoured; a practice not conducive to Theban cheerfulness. The Thebans, in despair, proclaimed that whoever should guess the riddle should become their king, and the husband of Jocasta (the widowed mother of Œdipus.)

The Sphinx propounded her puzzle to Œdipus, as to his predecessors,—"What animal is that which walks on four feet in the morning, on two at noon, and on three at night? It has but one voice, and when it has the most feet it is the weakest." You are not surprised at the Greek mind's guessing it—a modern school-boy could do that. What animal is it? Why man, of course—answers the awakening Greek: and he himself, the answer, is the greatest riddle: for though he crawls as a babe, walks in the noon of his manhood, and declines upon a staff at night, he has but one voice, and that is the inspired, inspiring soul.

Not many years had Œdipus been seated upon the throne of his father, with his queen, his own mother, by his side, when a pestilence broke out to ravage the land which he had freed from the Sphinx. Of course, instead of searching for a natural and physical cause for this visitation, he betakes himself to an oracle. The oracle tells him that the murderer of King Laius yet lives among the Thebans. At once Œdipus resolves to become the dead king's avenger. At last he finds out that he himself was the murderer. Jocasta thereupon understands the whole complication of events, and kills herself. Then Œdipus horror-stricken, snatches the golden buckles from her robe, and plunges and replunges them into his eye-balls.

"Let me go sightless into Hades," he exclaims, "for how can I ever behold my father again?" Lame, blind, gray in a moment with the shock of his misfortunes, he is thrust forth by the other members of the royal house, and totters into exile, invoking upon his own head the Erinnys of his mother. But the very fates are softened towards him, and the gods make him their care. His children grow up to be his comforters. His daughter Antigone, the loveliest woman of all literature, waits lovingly upon his footsteps. Even his death is an unaccountable, painless fading out of sight.

FALSE AND DEAD.

I have been through the cabinet,
  And, searching, I found there,
Apart from other relics set,
  A lock of chestnut hair;
A letter with a crimson seal,
  A letter with a black;
I wished I could not think or feel,
  For then old times came back.

Oh, chestnut curl so bright and warm!
  You waved above a brow
Undimmed by care, unscathed by storm—
  Methinks I see it now.
And yet the gold threads glancing through
  Your fold so glossy fair,
I know should be of sable hue,
  To match the stain they bear.

Oh, letter with the seal of red!
  You have some witching lore,
Sweet as was ever sung or said
  In fairy days of yore.
Oh, letter with the seal of black!
  Your spell has thawed my brain;
The pent up tears come gushing back
  Like heavy, blinding rain.

And now in either hand I hold
  These relics of the past,
Yearning for once warm lips, now cold,
  And joys that might not last;
I read the false sweet legend on
  The lying seal of red;
Then strike my heart as strikes a stone
  These three words—"He is dead."

Shetland Marriages.

All the Shetlanders marry about the age of twenty; that is, the men marry at twenty; as for the women, they follow quite a different rule. It sometimes does happen that both the man and woman about to be married are of an age, but this is seldom; the greater number of marriages are between youths of nineteen and maids of thirty-two. Whenever a young man can act his part in the manning of a boat, he has arrived at the height of his ambition, and therefore there is no wonder at his marrying early; but why he pitches on an old maid, instead of a young girl, is not so easily accounted for, unless it be that young men have a peculiar affection for old maids, as old men have a peculiar affection for young girls.

This system of marriage holds good only with those who never leave their native soil. He who becomes a sailor cannot generally marry so young; but he is always sure, before leaving his home, to single out the object of his future affections.

In no country is a lover so faithful to his mistress as in Shetland. I never heard of a Shetland sailor who was guilty of a breach of promise, although he should be absent for ten years. Not only does he not break his engagement, but he never fails to write to his beloved one in effusions of the most endearing nature, always beginning or ending his epistles with "My Pet," "My Jewel," "My Watch," or "My Diamond!"

Years before the celebration of the marriage, the woman is by no means slack in telling all her neighbors of the particulars of the engagement, and of the year, and of the month, and of the day, and of the hour when it is to be celebrated. Such an extraordinary license of ante-nuptial tattle would be hardly suitable for countries where the bride sometimes misses the bridegroom even at the horns of the altar. The woman has another license which is more peculiar; she is allowed to have a temporary lover during the absence of the true one. This license is given by the absent lover himself; but the moment he returns home, the temporary lover must desist from making any more visits. How far the temporary lover may carry on his suit I could never accurately ascertain; but it is generally understood that they may ogle, joke, kiss at the back of the door, and squeeze hands when parting.

The absent lover is allowed no license of this sort, but must walk as circumspectly as though he was married. Whether he strictly adheres to such a course of chaste behavior cannot always be found out; but it is certain that, if alive, he will return home and marry her who is as dear to him as life itself.

When the marriage ceremony is performed—not by a priest, for there is not a Roman Catholic in all Shetland, but by some Protestant clergyman of the established church, or of some dissenting denomination, of which there are many—the marriage party, a mixed assemblage of old and young, set off immediately on a short tour, until it draws near the dinner hour. This tour must be gone through so as to form a circle, and must not, on any account, be contrary to the course of the sun, else the young couple's fortunes from that day take a backward course.

There is one thing worthy of observation about *all* Shetland marriages: I never knew a real original native man of Shetland who married a woman of any other county or country; on the other hand, a Shetland woman often gets married to men of other counties throughout the kingdom, and her parents are exceedingly fond of such extraneous matches. Thus, the Shetland women have a better chance of getting married than any other women in Britain.

Anecdotes of the late Czar Nicholas of Russia.

During one of the Emperor's visits to Warsaw, he was met by a poor woman, who threw herself at his feet, and implored his protection. Nicholas inquired her grievance, and she replied that her only son had been drawn for the conscription, and forcibly carried off by a recruiting agent, in defiance of the regulation which prohibits the compulsory enlistment of the only son of a widow. Wishing to assure himself of the truth of this complaint, the Czar gave orders for the immediate summoning of the culprit. The latter, however, stoutly denied the charge, and asserted that the woman's petition was merely a subterfuge to defraud the recruiting agency, inasmuch as she had in reality *two* sons, the eldest of whom had been enlisted by him, in accordance with the imperial enactments on that point. Both parties being thus positive, the Emperor, between his fear of violating the law and his reluctance to commit an act of unwarrantable harshness, was for some time at a loss what to do; but at length a solution of the difficulty occurred to him. "You are quite certain, then," said he, "that this woman has really two sons, and that it is the eldest who is at present in your hands?" "Quite so, your Imperial Majesty." "In that case," replied the Czar, with a grim smile, "we must not lose a soldier; so give back the eldest son to his mother, and take *the other one!*"

While the English fleet held the Baltic, the heads of the Bureau de Police at Saint Petersburg prohibited the celebration of morning service in the English church, taking umbrage at that passage in the Litany which implores for the Queen "victory over all her enemies." Nicholas, on hearing of this, immediately countermanded the prohibition, and next Sunday attended the service in person, expressing afterwards a great admiration of the English Liturgy. About the same time, he gave orders for the liberation of a number of British midshipmen, who had been taken, observing "that he made war with men, not with boys."

Shortly after the commencement of the great struggle in the Crimea, an officer was sent from Sevastopol with important despatches, which he was ordered to carry with all speed to Saint Petersburg, and deliver into the Emperor's own hands. The immense length and multiplied hardships of the journey, which was performed entirely by sledge, in the depth of winter, proved too much even for the military hardihood of the messenger, who arrived at the capital in such a state of exhaustion that he had no sooner reached the Winter Palace and presented his despatches, than he staggered back against the wall and fell fast asleep. Nicholas having perused the papers, turned round and perceived the condition of his courier. He spoke to him, touched him, shook him, in vain. At length he stooped down, and shouted in the gruff voice of a Russian postmaster, "Vashe prevoschoditelstvo, loshadi gotovi!" ("Your Excellency, the horses are ready!") At these words, which he had heard several times a day for the last fortnight, the sleeper sprang to his feet, and was petrified on discovering where he was; but Nicholas only laughed, but dismissed him with a compliment on his promptitude.

During the early part of Nicholas's reign, an Englishman on a visit to Saint Petersburg, happened, while strolling in front of the Winter Palace, to light a cigar—a proceeding instantly followed by looks of astonishment and dismay from all the passers-by. While endeavoring to guess at the cause of this, he was accosted by a tall, fine-looking man in the undress uniform of a colonel of the Imperial Guard, who remarked politely that "he was probably ignorant of the Emperor's orders, prohibiting smoking in front of the palace." The tourist apologized, and threw away his cigar. Some days later, an official friend having offered to present him privately to the Czar, he was conducted to the palace and ushered into a small cabinet, with an intimation that his Majesty would be with him directly. Presently the door opened, and in walked his friend the colonel in the self-same uniform, startling him not a little. Nicholas, however, received him very graciously, and dismissed him with a friendly caution against smoking in public under the eyes of the police.

One evening the Czar was led by curiosity to stroll into the quarters of the Imperial Guard, and entering the first room he came to, found a man with his head resting on the table, fast asleep. Recognising in the sleeper one of his best officers, Nicholas softly approached him, and found on the table a sheet of paper covered with the following calculation:—"Pay, 3,000 Rs. Cost of equipments, 1,000 Rs.; Pension to my mother, 1,500 Rs.; Debts, 3,000 Rs. Total, 6,000. Deficit, 3,000 Rs.—Who will pay this sum?" Unable to answer this query, the unfortunate guardsman had fallen asleep in the midst of his arithmetic. The Emperor took a pen, wrote beneath the ominous question the single word "Nicolai," and departed. The officer's dismay on discovering this palpable proof of the imperial visit may be imagined; but next morning he received an autograph letter from the Czar, confirming the promise of payment, and advising him to continue his attention to his mother, and to be more wakeful for the future.

On one occasion, a distinguished foreign ambassador congratulated the Czar on the number of competent statesmen and generals that he possessed. Nicholas heard him to the end in silence, and then, laying his hand on the shoulder of the Tsarevitch (now Emperor), who stood beside him, and who was then reported to be on anything but good terms with his father, he said in a tone of intense sadness, "There is only one man in my whole empire whom I can trust, and here he stands!"

☞ Some one blamed Dr. Marsh for changing his mind. "Well," said he, "that is the difference between a man and a jackass; the jackass can't change his mind, and the man can—it's a human privilege."

☞ A shrewd business man says he never suffered pecuniarily by his enemies, but his friends had often occasioned him repeated losses. The reason is plain; he trusted his friends, but not his enemies.

JUNE.

BY LYDIA A. CALDWELL.

June to-day has been unbinding
All the beauty of her hair;
The pure fragrance of her tresses
Floats through all the golden air,
And the greenness of her garment
Lies about us everywhere.

There is folded down an odor
In each bud the sun unlocks;
There is laid a rosy garland
On the brown and rugged rocks;
All along the brook's meander
Gleams the purple of the phlox.

One would guess that late last evening
While the sky hung calm and blue,
An unlooked-for wind had shaken
All the stars in clusters through,
And had bathed the sleeping meadows
In a shower of golden dew.

For the buttercups are flashing
All about you as you pass;
Far adown the vale the cowslips
Are one lush and golden mass,
And the dandelion blossoms
Shine like gems among the grass.

Where the birds, like painted shadows,
'Neath the branches come and go;
Where the brooks, with silver music,
Through the vale melodious flow;
'Neath the elm tree's swinging branches
Bloom the lilies like the snow.

Here I've sat for full an hour,
Gazing round me like a child,
Where the brook and river mingle
With a rapture strange and wild—
Where, about the cottage windows
High the lilac bloom is piled.

And a sadness, like the dimness
Coming o'er a twilight sky,
Steals upon me—I remember
That the beauty which doth lie
Like a golden dream about me,
Like a dream will soon pass by.

But a spirit falls upon me,
E'en as erst the passing seer,
Cast the glory of his mantle
O'er his brother's grief and fear,
And a voice is speaking to me
Which my soul alone may hear.

And I sit as I were dreaming,
Till the soft melodious tune
Of the waters to a murmur
Low and liquid, seems to swoon.
In the spirit of thy beauty,
Is my soul baptised, oh, June!

MIGGLES.

A CALIFORNIA STORY.

We were eight, including the driver. We had not spoken during the passage of the last six miles, since the jolting of the heavy vehicle over the roughening road had spoiled the Judge's last poetical quotation. The tall man beside the Judge was asleep, his arm passed through the swaying strap and his head resting upon it—altogether a limp, helpless-looking object, as if he had hanged himself and been cut down too late. The French lady on the back seat was asleep, too, yet in a half-conscious propriety of attitude, shown even in the disposition of the handkerchief which she held to her forehead and which partially veiled her face. The lady from Virginia City, travelling with her husband, had long since lost all individuality in a wild confusion of ribbons, veils, furs, and shawls. There was no sound but the rattling of wheels and the dash of rain upon the roof. Suddenly the stage stopped and we became dimly aware of voices. The driver was evidently in the midst of an exciting colloquy with some one in the road—a colloquy of which such fragments as "bridge gone," "twenty feet of water," "can't pass," were occasionally distinguishable above the storm. Then came a lull, and the mysterious voice from the road shouted the parting adjuration:

"Try Miggles'."

We caught a glimpse of our leaders as the vehicle slowly turned, of a horseman vanishing through the rain, and we were evidently on our way to Miggles'.

Who and where was Miggles? The Judge, our authority, did not remember the name, and he knew the country thoroughly. The Washoe traveller thought Miggles must keep a hotel. We only knew that we were stopped by high water in front and rear, and that Miggles was our rock of refuge. A ten minutes' splashing through a tangled by-road, scarcely wide enough for the stage, and we drew up before a barred and boarded gate in a wide stone wall or fence about eight feet high. Evidently Miggles', and evidently Miggles did not keep a hotel.

The driver got down and tried the gate. It was securely locked.

"Miggles! O Miggles!"

No answer.

"Mig-elle! You Miggles!" continued the driver with rising wrath.

"Miggles-y!" joined in the expressman, persuasively. "O Miggy! Mig!"

But no reply came from the apparently insensate Miggles. The Judge, who had finally got the window down, put his head out and propounded a series of questions, which if answered categorically would have undoubtedly elucidated the whole mystery, but which the driver evaded by replying that "if we didn't want to sit in the coach all night we had better rise up and sing out for Miggles."

So we rose up and called on Miggles in chorus. Then separately. And when we had finished, a Hibernian fellow passenger from the roof called for "Maygells!" whereat we all laughed. While we were laughing the driver cried "Shoo!"

We listened. To our infinite amazement the chorus of "Miggles" was repeated from the other side of the wall, even to the final and supplemental "Maygells."

"Extraordinary echo," said the Judge.

"Extraordinary d—d skunk!" roared the driver, contemptuously. "Come out of that, Miggles, and show yourself! Be a man, Miggles! Don't hide in the dark; I wouldn't if I were you, Miggles," continued Yuba Bill, now dancing about in an excess of fury.

"Miggles!" continued the voice, "oh, Miggles!"

"My good man! Mr. Myghail!" said the Judge, softening the asperities of the name as much as possible. "Consider the inhospitality of refusing shelter from the inclemency of the weather to helpless females. Really, my dear sir—" but a succession of "Miggles," ending in a burst of laughter, drowned his voice.

Yuba Bill hesitated no longer. Taking a heavy stone from the road, he battered down the gate, and with the expressman entered the inclosure. We followed. Nobody was to be seen. In the gathering darkness all that we could distinguish was that we were in a garden—from the rose-bushes that scattered over us a minute spray from their dripping leaves—and before a long, rambling wooden building.

"Do you know this Miggles?" asked the Judge of Yuba Bill.

"No, nor don't want to," said Bill, shortly, who felt the Pioneer Stage Company insulted in his person by the contumacious Miggles.

"But, my dear sir," expostulated the Judge, as he thought of the barred gate.

"Lookee here," said Yuba Bill, with fine irony, "hadn't you better go back and sit in the coach till yer introduced? I'm going in," and he pushed open the door of the building.

A long room lighted only by the embers of a fire that was dying on the large hearth at its farther extremity. The walls curiously papered, and the flickering firelight bringing out its grotesque pattern. Somebody sitting in a large arm-chair by the fireplace. All this we saw as we crowded together into the room, after the driver and expressman.

"Hello, be you Miggles?" said Yuba Bill, to the solitary occupant.

The figure neither spoke nor stirred. Yuba Bill walking wrathfully toward it, and turned the eye of his coach lantern upon its face. It was a man's face, prematurely old and wrinkled, with very large eyes, in which there was that expression of perfectly gratuitous solemnity which I had sometimes seen in an owl's. The large eyes wandered from Bill's face to the lantern, and finally fixed their gaze on that luminous object, without further recognition.

Bill restrained himself with an effort.

"Miggles! Be you deaf? You ain't dumb anyhow, you know; and Yuba Bill shook the insensate figure by the shoulder.

To our great dismay as Bill removed his hand, the venerable stranger apparently collapsed—sinking into half his size and an undistinguishable heap of clothing.

"Well, dern my skin," said Bill—looking appealingly at us, and hopelessly retiring from the contest.

The Judge now stepped forward, and we lifted the mysterious invertebrate back into his original position. Bill was dismissed with the lantern to reconnoitre outside, for it was evident that from the helplessness of this solitary man there must be attendants near at hand, and we all drew around the fire. The Judge, who had regained his authority and had never lost his conversational amiability—standing before us with his back to the hearth—charged us, as an imaginary jury, as follows:

"It is evident that either our distinguished friend here has reached that condition, described by Shakespeare as "the sere and yellow leaf," or has suffered some premature abatement of his mental and physical faculties. Whether he is really the Miggles—"

Here he was interrupted by "Miggles! Oh, Miggles! Miggles-y! Mig!" and, in fact, the whole chorus of Miggles in very much the same key as it had once before been delivered unto us.

We gazed at each other for a moment in some alarm. The Judge, in particular, vacated his position quickly, as the voice seemed to come directly over his shoulder. The cause, however, was soon discovered in a large magpie who was perched upon a shelf over the fireplace, and who immediately "relapsed into a sepulchral silence, which contrasted singularly with his previous volubility. It was undoubtedly his voice which we had heard in the road, and our friend in the chair was not responsible for the discourtesy. Yuba Bill, who re-entered the room after an unsuccessful search, was loth to accept the explanation, and still eyed the helpless sitter with suspicion. He had found a shed in which he had put up his horses—but he came back dripping and skeptical. "Thar ain't nobody but him within ten miles of the shanty, and that 'ar d—d old skeesicks knows it."

But the faith of the majority proved to be securely based. Bill had scarcely ceased growling, before we heard a quick step upon the porch, the trailing of a wet skirt, the door was flung open, and with a flash of white teeth, a sparkle of dark eyes, and an utter absence of ceremony or diffidence, a young woman entered, shut the door, and panting, leaned back against it.

"Oh, if you please, I'm Miggles!"

And this was Miggles! This bright-eyed, full-throated young woman, whose wet gown of coarse, blue stuff could not hide the beauty of the feminine curves to which it clung; from the chestnut crown of whose head—topped by a man's oil-skin sou'wester—to the little feet and ankles—hidden somewhere in the recesses of her boy's brogans, all was grace—this was Miggles, laughing at us, too, in the most airy, frank, off-hand manner imaginable.

"You see, boys," said she—quite out of breath, and holding one little hand against her side, quite unheeding the speechless discomfiture of our party, or the complete demoralization of Yuba Bill, whose features had relaxed into an expression of gratuitous and imbecile cheerfulness—"You see, boys, I was mor 'n two miles away when you passed down the road. I thought you might pull up here, and so I ran the whole way, knowing nobody was home but Jim—and—and—I'm out of breath—and that lets me out."

And here Miggles caught her dripping oil-skin hat from her head, with a mischievous swirl that scattered a shower of rain-drops over us; attempted to put back her hair; dropped two hair-pins in the attempt; laughed and sat down beside Yuba Bill, with her hands crossed lightly on her lap.

The Judge recovered himself first, and essayed an extravagant compliment.

"I'll trouble you for that thar har-pin," said Miggles, gravely. Half-a-dozen hands were eagerly stretched forward; the missing hair-pin was restored to its fair owner; and Miggles, crossing the room, looked keenly in the face of the invalid. The solemn eyes looked back at hers, with an expression we had never seen before. Life and intelligence seemed to struggle back into the rugged face. Miggles laughed again—it was a singularly eloquent laugh—and turned her black eyes and white teeth once more towards us.

"This afflicted person is"—hesitated the Judge.

"Jim" said Miggles.

"Your father?"

"No."

"Brother?"

"No."

"Husband?"

Miggles darted a quick, half-defiant glance at the two lady passengers who I had noticed did not participate in the general masculine admiration of Miggles, and said, gravely:

"No—it's Jim."

There was an awkward pause. The lady passengers moved closer to each other. The Washoe husband looked abstractedly at the fire; and the tall man apparently turned his eyes inward for self-support at this emergency. But Miggles's laugh, which was very infectious, broke the silence.

"Come," she said, briskly, "you must be hungry. Who'll bear a hand to help me get tea?"

She had no lack of volunteers. In a few moments Yuba Bill was engaged like Caliban in bearing logs for this Miranda; the expressman was grinding coffee on the verandah; to myself the arduous duty of slicing bacon was assigned; and the Judge lent each man his good-humored and voluble counsel. And when Miggles, assisted by the Judge and our Hibernian "deck passenger," set the table with all the available crockery, we had become quite joyous, in spite of the rain that beat against windows, the wind that whirled down the chimney, the two ladies who whispered together in the corner, or the magpie who uttered a satirical and croaking commentary on their conversation, from his perch above. In the now bright, blazing fire we could see that the walls were papered with illustrated journals, arranged with feminine taste and discrimination. The furniture was extemporized, and adapted from candle boxes and packing cases, and covered with gay calico, or the skin of some animal. The arm-chair of the helpless Jim was an ingenious variation of a flour-barrel. There was neatness and even a taste for the picturesque to be seen in the few details of the long low room.

The meal was a culinary success. But more, it was a social triumph—chiefly, I think, owing to the rare tact of Miggles in guiding the conversation, asking all the questions herself, yet bearing throughout a frankness that rejected the idea of any concealment on her own part. So that we talked of ourselves, of our prospects, of the journey, of the weather, of each other—of everything but our host and hostess. It must be confessed that Miggles's conversation was never elegant, rarely grammatical, and that at times she used expletives, the use of which had generally been yielded to our sex. But they were delivered with such a lighting up of teeth and eyes, and were usually followed by a laugh—a laugh peculiar to Miggles—so frank and honest that it seemed to clear the moral atmosphere.

Once, during the meal, we heard a noise like the rubbing of a heavy body against the outer walls of the house. This was followed by a scratching and sniffing at the door. "That's Joaquin," said Miggles in reply to our questioning glances; "would you like to see him?" Before we could answer, she had opened the door, and disclosed a half-grown grizzly, who instantly raised himself on his haunches, with his fore-paws hanging down in the popular attitude of mendicancy, and looked admiringly at Miggles, with a very singular resemblance in his manner to Yuba Bill. "That's my watch-dog," said Miggles in explanation. "O, he don't bite," she added, as the two lady passengers fluttered into a corner. "Does he, old Toppy?"—(the latter remark being addressed directly to the sagacious Joaquin). "I tell you what, boys," continued Miggles, after she had fed and closed the door on *Ursa Minor*, "you were in big luck that Joaquin wasn't hanging round when you dropped in to-night."

"Where was he?" asked the Judge.

"With me," said Miggles. "Lord love you; he trots round with me nights like as if he was a man."

We were silent for a few moments, and listened to the wind. Perhaps we all had the same picture before us—of Miggles walking through the rainy woods, with her savage guardian at her side. The Judge, I remember, said something about Una and her lion; but Miggles received it as she did other compliments, with quiet gravity. Whether she was altogether unconscious of the admiration she excited—she could hardly have been oblivious of Yuba Bill's adoration—I knew not; but her very frankness suggested a perfect sexual equality that was cruelly humiliating to the younger members of our party.

The incident of the bear did not add anything in Miggles's favor to the opinions of those of her own sex who were present. In fact, the repast over, a chilliness radiated from the two lady passengers, that no pine boughs brought in by Yuba Bill and cast as a sacrifice upon the hearth could wholly overcome. Miggles felt it; and suddenly declaring that it was time to "turn in," offered to show the ladies to their bed in an adjoining room. "You, boys, will have to camp out here by the fire as well as you can," she added, "for thar aint but the one room."

Our sex—by which, my dear sir, I allude of course to the stronger portion of humanity—has been generally relieved from the imputation of curiosity, or a fondness for gossip. Yet I am constrained to say, that hardly had the door closed on Miggles than we crowded together, whispering, snickering, smiling, and exchanging suspicions, surmises, and a thousand speculations in regard to our pretty hostess and her singular companion. I fear that we even hustled that imbecile paralytic, who sat like a voiceless Memnon in our midst, gazing, with the serene indifference of the Past in his passionless eyes, upon our wordy councils. In the midst of an exciting discussion the door opened again, and Miggles re-entered.

But not, apparently, the same Miggles who a few hours before had flashed upon us. Her eyes were downcast, and as she hesitated for a moment on the threshold, with a blanket on her arm, she seemed to have left behind her the frank fearlessness which had charmed us a moment before. Coming into the room, she drew a low stool beside the paralytic's chair, sat down, drew the blanket over her shoulders and saying, "If it's all the same to you, boys, as we're rather crowded, I'll stop here to-night," took the invalid's withered hand in her own and turned her eyes upon the dying fire. An instinctive feeling that this was only premonitory to more confidential relations, and perhaps some shame at our previous curiosity, kept us silent. The rain still beat upon the roof; wandering gusts of wind stirred the embers into momentary brightness, until, in a lull of the elements, Miggles suddenly lifted up her head and throwing her hair over her shoulder, turned her face upon the group and asked:

"Is there any of you that knows me?"

There was no reply.

"Think again! I lived at Marysville in '53. Everybody knew me there, and everybody had the right to know me. I kept the Polka Saloon until I came to live with Jim. That's six years ago. Perhaps I've changed some."

The absence of recognition may have disconcerted her. She turned her head to the fire again and it was some seconds before she again spoke, and then more rapidly:

"Well, you see I thought some of you must have known me. There's no great harm done, anyway. What I was going to say was this: Jim here"—she took his hand in both of hers as she spoke—"used to know me, if you didn't, and spent a heap of money upon me. I reckon he spent all he had. And one day—it's six years ago this winter—Jim came into my back room, sat down on my sofy, like as you see him in that chair, and never moved again without help. He was struck all of a heap, and never seemed to know what ailed him. The doctors came, and said as how it was caused all along of his way of life—for Jim was mighty free and wild like—and that he would never get better, and couldn't last long anyway. They advised me to send him to Frisco to the hospital, for he was no good to any one and would be a baby all his life. Perhaps it was something in Jim's eye, perhaps it was that I never had a baby, but I said 'No.' I was rich then, for I was popular with everybody—gentlemen like yourself, sir, came to see me—and I sold out my business and bought this yer place, because it was sort of out of the way of travel, you see, and I brought my baby here."

With a woman's intuitive tact and poetry, she had as she spoke slowly shifted her position so as to bring mute figure of the ruined man between her and her audience—hiding in the shadow behind it—as if she offered it as a tacit apology for her actions. Silent and expressionless, it yet spoke for her; helpless, crushed, and smitten with the Divine thunderbolt, it still stretched an invisible arm around her.

Hidden in the darkness, but still holding his hand, she went on:

"It was a long time before I could get the hang of things about yer, for I was used to company and excitement. I couldn't get any woman to help me, and a man I dursent trust; but what with the Indians hereabout, who'd do odd jobs for me, and having everything sent from the North Fork, Jim and I managed to worry through. The Doctor would run up from Sacramento once in a while. He'd ask to see 'Miggles' baby,' as he called Jim, and when he'd go away, he'd say, 'Miggles, you're a trump—God bless you;' and it didn't seem so lonely after that. But the last time he was here he said, as he opened the door to go: 'Do you know, Miggles, your baby will grow up to be a man yet and an honor to his mother; but not here, Miggles, not here!' And I thought he went away sad—and—and"—and here Miggles' voice and head were somehow both lost completely in the shadow.

"The folks about here are very kind," said Miggles, after a pause, coming a little into the light again. "The men from the Fork used to hang around here, until they found they wasn't wanted, and the women are kind—and don't call. I was pretty lonely until I picked up Joaquin in the woods yonder one day, when he wasn't so high, and taught him to beg for his dinner: and then thar's Polly—that's the magpie—she knows no end of tricks, and makes it quite sociable of evenings with her talk, and so I don't feel like as I was the only living being about the ranch. And Jim here," said Miggles, with her old laugh again, and coming out quite into the firelight, "Jim—why, boys, you would admire to see how much he knows for a man like him. Sometimes I bring him flowers, and he looks at 'em just as natural as if he knew 'em; and times, when we're sitting here alone, I read him those things on the wall. Why, Lord!" said Miggles, with her frank laugh, "I've read him that whole side of the house this winter. There never was such a man for reading as Jim."

"Why," asked the Judge, "do you not marry this man to whom you have devoted your youthful life?"

"Well, you see," said Miggles, "it would be playing it rather low down on Jim, to take advantage of his being so helpless. And then, too, if we were man and wife, now, we'd both know that I was *bound* to do what I do now of my own accord."

"But you are young yet and attractive—"

"It's getting late," said Miggles, gravely, "and you'd better all turn in. Good-night, boys;" and throwing the blanket over her head, Miggles laid herself down beside Jim's chair, her head pillowed on the low stool that held his feet, and spoke no more. The fire slowly faded from the hearth; we each sought our blankets in silence; and, presently, there was no sound in the long room, but the pattering of the rain upon the roof, and the heavy breathing of the sleepers.

It was nearly morning when I awoke from a troubled dream. The storm had passed, the stars were shining, and through the shutterless window the full moon, lifting itself over the solemn pines without, looked into the room. It touched the lonely figure in the chair with an infinite compassion, and seemed to baptize with a shining flood the lowly head of the woman whose hair, as in the sweet old story, bathed the feet of him she loved. It even lent a kindly poetry to the rugged outline of Yuba Bill, half-reclining on his elbow between them and his passengers, with savagely-patient eyes keeping watch and ward. And then I fell asleep and only woke at broad day, with Yuba Bill standing over me, and "All aboard" ringing in my ears.

Coffee was waiting for us on the table, but Miggles was gone. We wandered about the house and lingered long after the horses were harnessed, but she did not return. It was evident that she wished to avoid a formal leave-taking, and had so left us to depart as we had come. After we had helped the ladies into the coach, we returned to the house and solemnly shook hands with the paralytic Jim, as solemnly settling him back into position after each handshake. Then we looked for the last time around the long, low room, at the stool where Miggles had sat, and slowly took our seats in the waiting coach. The whip cracked, and we were off!

But as we reached the high road Bill's dexterous hand laid the six horses back on their haunches, and the stage stopped with a jerk. For there, on a little eminence beside the road, stood Miggles, her hair flying, her eyes sparkling, her white handkerchief waving, and her white teeth flashing a last "good-bye." We waved our hats in return. And then Yuba Bill, as if fearful of further fascination, madly lashed his horses forward and we sank back in our seats. We exchanged not a word until we reached the North Fork, and the stage drew up at the Independence House. Then, the Judge leading, we walked into the bar room, and took our places gravely at the bar.

"Are your glasses charged, gentlemen?" said the Judge, solemnly taking off his white hat.

They were.

"Well, then, here's to *Miggles*, GOD BLESS HER!"

Perhaps He had. Who knows?—*Overland Monthly.*

The Misfortunes of School Girls.

BY MRS. R. B. GLEASON, M. D.

Ladies, in a recent letter we glanced at those students who were sick, not from hard study, but from hard habits. The shoddy, shiftless, over-sentimental ones.

Now we will look at those *real* students who lose their health, and the reason for it. Is it true that mental cultivation must be at the expense of physical health? Do the mind and body run in opposition to each other, so that what is for the advantage of one is for the damage of the other? There must surely be some great mistake if this is so.

Mind and body, so dependent on each other for healthful action, ought not to harm but to help one another by growth or cultivation. Statistics show good health and great age among scientific men, and their habits are scientific. How is it then that so many good scholars sicken during school life? Are there diseases incident to school days, like teething to babyhood, and measles to childhood, etc., and if we live through these all is well? A few simple rules, cheerfully observed, will do much toward developing a sound mind in a sound body.

First, remember we have a three-fold nature, which, like a three-fold cord, is not easily broken, when each strand is duly developed, that is our spiritual, mental, and physical organization: each should strengthen the other. The first fault of those bent, as they say, on having a good education, is that of making much of mind and forgetting the other two. Some of the most unlovely characters I have ever seen among my invalid band, are those who have been brilliant scholars, but reckless of health and of religious responsibilities. When infirmity comes so that they are cut off from books, they are restless, irritable, and feel as if there was nothing to live for.

Intellectual pride is so prominent in them that they have a sort of contempt for everything but book learning. Such the Good Father often blesses by first blighting their favorite plans.

Our religious growth should steady and strengthen us in our intellectual pursuits. This *blessed* element in our nature should save us from over-pride or pain, in reference to our mental grade.

First, let us have a good spirit; secondly, a good body; and thirdly, learn what we can. Bible reading and Sunday services are blessed rests for mind and body, while they help in heart culture. Scholarly skepticism is often found when the body is out of tune. Irreverence for physical and spiritual laws often co-exist. As the real element of healthful spiritual life and growth resides in the reverent listening to the voice from above, whether it comes through natural revelation or from the good spirit in our hearts, also bodily health comes from obedient listening to the laws written on our physical frames, which reason and sensation are ever ready to interpret. But the latter pupils are apt to forget, until the penalty comes in the way of pain.

I sometimes think that scholarly pride would gladly build a tower of its own intellectual attainments, which should reach unto heaven; but a confusion of the head cuts short the work, like the confounding of tongues at the building of the Tower of Babel. It is well that this is so, for we want something beside clear, cold intellect to bless the world. Thus much for those who expect to do good by being good scholars merely, and wonder at the mysterious providence which cuts them short in their career.

If you are striving to ascend the hill of science because you see the temple of fame at the top, you will probably never reach it, for you will violate so many of the laws of your physical and spiritual being, that your frame will fail and faint by the way. All this is ordered in mercy, because we are not in the way of the best blessings when we break any, even the "least of the commandments" which pertain to either body or spirit.

One of the first faults of good scholars is studying much too early in life. Brain and nerve texture, like muscular fibre, improve in power by age. The best balanced minds are not brilliant early.

The second great fault is trying to do too much in a short time. Our girls struggle to finish their school course at eighteen, just when they are entering on the best stage for profitable study. It is true we can memorize most easily at an early age, but judgment and reason must have years to ripen.

The courses of study planned at the best schools would be good, if the students had time, taste and strength to well comprehend them, but most of them require mature mind in a mature body to master them. Of course a smattering-like parrot talk may be memorized, but a clear abiding sense cannot be gleaned early on these subjects. They are not half comprehended and soon forgotten.

The result of close confinement to books when young, is that the body is impoverished by imperfect nutrition and over-tasked by mental work, so that mind and muscle fail together usually. Sometimes the physical asserts its rights, and keeps the mere animal in good condition, while the mental fails, and so good health and poor scholarship are the result. We have all wondered that so many bright girls turn out positively dull and uninteresting before they are twenty even. I have seen many who bear the mental mark of being dwarfed in mind just as distinctly as others in body. We can see that at twelve, fifteen, or eighteen years of age they cease to grow headwise and sometimes heartwise.

When in a public school one day, I observed a little girl on tip-toe, doing difficult examples on the board very promptly. While talking with the principal of the school, I said to him that a child with such a small calf of the leg ought never to do such hard sums, and inquired if he knew her family. He said that her older sisters had been in his school for years; that, like her, they were bright and promised wonders at the first, but all grew dull and fell below mediocrity in mind, after a few years.

Now these precocious ones should be held in check mentally, and encouraged in the

mode of life which develops the muscular. Just as plants that grow so rank in one direction that they lack symmetry, we prune, that they may send their juices or vegetable blood in the directions most needed; so instead of pushing these mental prodigies, we should certainly try to guide their life-current in the direction of bodily growth.

Mental forces over-taxed not only tire out, but are so used up that they never start again, and so life-long dullness, if not idiocy, is the result. Among the latter class, I have in mind one of great scholarly promise in childhood, who was the pride and joy of her parents. They had great pleasure in giving her the best of educational advantages, and she went on wonderfully well for awhile, and then grew at times strange and dreamy, which condition has increased, till now she cannot be trusted with even the simplest business responsibilities, and her conversation is confined to the most ordinary round of topics. She now nears her thirtieth year, and though a woman of good health and good size, yet with less ability in any direction than most children at ten.

Cases of mental or physical failure from too close study early in life are not peculiar to girls. Our boys are less liable to break, for several reasons. First, they do not usually develope in mind as early; hence, they endure study better. Then, too, they are ready to take more time, and do not feel like young ladies, as if their gentility, their social position depended upon graduating before they are twenty. Besides this, their habits of dress are more healthful, and the proprieties of life do not debar them from active out-door exercise, as it does our young ladies. Still I have seen many young men die, many dwarfed in their physical or mental stature, or both, by over-study in early life.

A young man of great promise, of fine physical organization who came under our care not long since, was without any apparent cause growing imbecile. His mother said he had been their pride and joy as a brilliant scholar, and a consistent Christian; that his father had decided early that he should be excused from all manual labor, that he might have time for the most elaborate course of study. But before it was complete, strange symptoms of mental failure came on when to all appearances his health was excellent. He had a fine physical form, but the light of intelligence slowly and steadily left his eye. He still lives, perfectly well to all appearance, but without mind enough to attend to his personal wants.

Sometimes there is a seeming divorce of the animal and intellectual powers, the former going on well, the latter going out or suspending growth. In others the mental burns more and more brilliantly, till the body dies or falls into incurable invalidism. Our modern excellent educational advantages, furnish specimens of both classes, but most of the latter. How often we hear that a last year's graduate or a first head scholar has fallen sick of some ordinary acute disease, which proves fatal; simply because the long course of study has so enfeebled the system, that it had little power to resist disease, or recuperative force to rally even from slight sickness. Perhaps a severe cold sends them off with "quick consumption," and every one wonders "that such a healthy girl should go so rapidly." Many more finish their school course with just enough life to live, but not enough to use to any purpose what they have learned, and so instead of bearing burdens they must be held up the rest of their days. They have neither mental nor muscular force enough to grapple with life's labors, and as for the moral, it is expended more in the ideal or emotional, than in any distinct grappling with the wants of this "sin-stricken world."

How often we hear persons say that my wrist since lifting too much, or my ankle since that unlucky fall, or my back from over-work is very weak.

We can say the same of many a mind, it was over-taxed and has never recovered. The introduction of gymnastics, good and graceful as they are in the way of physical culture, must fall short of their full advantage, when the pupils are pressed too hard in study. We cannot eat our cake and have it too." So we can not use up all our life force in mental work and have it for muscular action. Scholars overburdened with book work seem languid, lazy even, because the nerve force, the electricity, or the whatever it is which goes from brain to body is so exhausted, that muscular inspiration is lacking. If we wish students to enter with spirit and profit into physical exercise, they must not be exhausted by study, for exercise does not create nerve power, but *expends* it in such a way as to improve appetite, digestion, and assimilation, and so replenish the fountain, just as the steam engine must use part of its force to supply itself with water out of which to make steam. So we must use some of our nerve power to supply mere bodily wants, or we shall have no steam with which to do our thinking. Many of our "schools for young ladies" are recognizing this need of exercise, and are making generous provision for it, but it falls short in many cases of being of real advantage, because the course of study is so extensive that it leaves neither time nor strength for muscular development. Our growing girls can't learn "everything, and more too," and also keep in good health.

Piano playing seems to exhaust nerve power very rapidly, in proportion to the time expended. Dimness of vision, bad sensations in the head, numbness of the fingers, all show exhaustion of the electric forces. Sometimes partial paralysis, involuntary action of the muscles called chorea or St. Vitus's dance, where the motions are more satanic than saint-like, are the result of much practice at the piano by those from twelve to twenty years of age. When confined to it earlier than this the body fails to develope, and the little girl keeps little longer than she should—chest flat, form undeveloped she enters her teens, looking like a little old lady, poor and sallow. Such withered specimens need baths, bread and beef, mental rest and moderate exercise, and they will mature bodily. Some of the most forlorn among young ladies at school, are those who are devoting themselves exclusively to music and painting, to the neglect of all healthful exercise. The fine arts give neither fine health nor fine spirits. The delicate senses are so taxed as to exhaust the nervous system rapidly, and the poor girls are wretched without any idea of the cause. Poetic temperaments are more delicate in their organization, and hence, more liable to invalidism. Those devoted to scientific pursuits are more likely to keep in good health than those of a more literary turn. Astronomy, geology, botany, chemistry, etc., bring one more in contact with nature in her power and purity, and are a safe and sure tonic for body and spirit. Often chronic invalids are much improved in health and cheer, by devoting a little time each day to some of the natural sciences for which they have a decided preference. Especially is this true, when their infirmities have been induced by exciting reading, too intense pursuit of pleasure or profit, or by some severe social sorrow. Then the contemplation of Nature's beauties will soothe, while the study of her laws will steady and strengthen. —*Herald of Health.*

Some Light on a Dark Subject.

FROM THE ROUND TABLE.

To the editor of the Round Table.—Sir:—The astute and critical editor of the Round Table has been to see the Davenport Brothers, and is perplexed. "It is easy to say," he writes, "that this is humbug and charlatanry, but who will explain it? We shall be very glad to receive and to publish anything that may throw any real light on what is assuredly one of the most remarkable curiosities of the day." If he is willing to take illumination from the experience of another, he may find some light thrown on a very dark subject by this communication:

In 18—, I was pastor of a leading Congregational church in the West. The community was overrun with Spiritualism. We usually enjoyed the presence of a travelling apostle as often as once a quarter. Several leading citizens were among the faithful. Several more were investigators. In my own congregation were a number who were in the mental condition of the editor of the Round Table—perplexed, but skeptical. I desired to know what it was that perplexed them, and held it my privilege to acquire my knowledge by personal examination. I did not expect to solve the mystery, but I determined to see it. I went, therefore, to the house of a leading Spiritualist, introduced myself and informed him of my desire. I told him very frankly that I had no curiosity to see a public exhibition. Hermann, the prestidigitateur, would show me greater mysteries at a less price. But if he would introduce me to a private *seance*, I would like to attend. He promised to do so. Under his guidance I attended three *seances*. To confine myself in newspaper limits, I will speak of but one. It was by far the most remarkable of the three. Mr. Fay was the medium.

The *seance* was held in the private parlors of a gentleman's house at night. When I arrived I found most of the guests there before me. There were perhaps thirty in all. A few were, like myself, investigators. The rest were unmistakable Spiritualists. After the introductions of the evening had taken place, we were all invited into a sitting-room and allotted seats in compact rows. In front of us sat Mr. Fay, a little card-table at his side. The arrangement of the room was so far much the same as would have been made for a social prayer-meeting. All the lights were then extinguished but one. The blinds to the windows were closed, the curtains drawn, and, as if that were not enough to exclude the glimmering light from the street and the stars, quilts were tacked to the window. The least gleam of light prevents the spirits from operating. On the table were a guitar, a bell, an old rope. These were Mr. Fay's Bible and hymn-book. Mr. Fay then called for a committee to tie him to his chair. It was done, apparently very firmly. His hands were bound by the wrists, one to each side of his chair. We were then directed to take hold of his hands to make the circle complete. We were directed to sing; some one struck up Auld Lang Syne and we all joined. The singing of the *seance* is wholly congregational. This singing was kept up throughout the entire performances. Ever and anon, when the spirits had an unusually perplexing problem to solve, Mr. Fay shouted, "Louder! louder!" The initiated then brought voices into requisition which would have been the envy of a camp-meeting leader in the noisiest of Western revivals. Finally the last light was extinguished and we were left in utter darkness. Thus, the first condition of our examination was, that we should be bereft of our senses. We could not feel—we must keep hold of hands to maintain the circle; nor hear—we must drown the noise of the spirits with our voices; nor see—no glimmer of light was permitted to enter the darkened room. Our nostrils alone were left us. Shall I confess it? From that moment I was not an unprejudiced observer. I set down as unmistakable "humbug and charlatanry" the revelation that so burrowed under ground as did this. In a few minutes our music became less obstreperous; we could distinctly hear the guitar thrummed upon in a disjointed way that did no credit to the musical education of the spirit who was performing. Some of the enthusiasts distinctly heard it sailing over their heads in various parts of the room. I as distinctly heard it confining itself to a radius of six feet about the head of Mr. Fay. Such is the difference between faith and skepticism. Presently the music ceased. Another spirit—or the same one—took to ringing the bell. Then, after a few minutes more of silence, save our singing, which grew unconsciously louder again, Mr. Fay called for a light. He was found tied firmly to the chair as before. A little later in the evening he was tied by the spirits, having been left unbound for that purpose. After five minutes of darkness he was discovered, his wrists firmly bound together. It was difficult to see how this could be done without an accomplice. I noticed, however, that everything was wrought more easily and quickly when he was tied by the spirits than when he was tied by human hands.

The most remarkable performance of the evening I find it difficult to describe without the aid of an artist. Two gentlemen were selected from the circle to participate in it. Of them I had the honor to be one. With the medium we took our seats at the card-table, the medium on my right, the other member of the committee on my left. I then put a hand on each of their heads; they each clasped my arm above the elbow with their two hands one above the other. It will be perceived that neither of us could move and not have the motion recognized by the other. The lights were put out. I heard the guitar lifted from the table; it was moved and thrummed on as before, then gently tapped upon my head, then laid down again. Lights were called for. We were interlaced as before. I was quite as much mystified as is the editor of the *Round Table*, and as frankly confessed it. So the *seance* broke up. I was more than ever convinced that this circle, at least, was "humbug and charlatanry." I frankly acknowledge my inability to explain it.

Six months or more passed away; then a new medium came to town, Mr. Van Vleck. He was trumpeted far and near as surpassing all his predecessors. He would not only allow himself to be tied, but to be handcuffed. Some account of his remarkable experiments crept into the newspapers. If I mistake not the editor was among the investigators. As for me, my skepticism disturbed the harmony of the spirit circles. I received no more invitations to *seances*. I bore the deprivation with fortitude, not to say equanimity. In truth, I had seen enough. Some other skeptics, more fortunate than myself, employed in their investigations an instrument I did not possess. They offered Mr. Van Vleck more money to expose the humbug than he could hope to make by continuing it. He consented. He delivered three lectures, in which he undertook to explain dark circles, table-tipping, spirit-rapping and clairvoyant writing. I only heard one lecture. I write only of what I saw and heard myself.

The hall—the largest in the city—was crowded. The Spiritualists were present in full force. They occupied front seats. The lecturer had a bitterly hostile jury to convince. Back of him was a drawing-room scene from a cheap local theatre. It contained in the centre folding doors. A table stood at the lecturer's side. On it were a drum, tambourine, guitar, and bell. A committee of two was appointed by the audience to supervise all the experiments. It consisted of an ex-Congressman, an active member of the Methodist Church, whose reputation is national, and whose integrity is above the possibility of suspicion, and of the editor of our local paper, a member of our own congregation, and well known by reason of his position in the community. The medium was then firmly bound to his chair, if I remember right, by the committee; they, at all events, examined the knots. Each wrist was fastened to the round of the chair at the side. Thus bound, he was lifted up, carried through the folding-doors and placed on the other side of the screen. The table with the musical instruments was placed at his side. The doors was then shut. In an incredibly short space of time the drum was sounding, the bell ringing, the guitar was thrummed, the tambourine beaten. The music was of that hideous order, or rather *dis*-order, which characterizes the spirits, who certainly do not possess the musical talent which imagination usually attributes to the residents of the celestial spheres. The music stopped, the doors were opened, the medium was bound as firmly as ever. He then disclosed the secret of the mystery. The medium always furnishes his own rope. He is tied by a committee, usually of literary, political or scientific gentlemen. No one of them can bind the wrist so firmly that an adept cannot loosen the knot with his third and little finger sufficiently to draw out his hand. He proceeded to afford us ocular demonstration of the fact. "It is true," he said, "a sheriff can bind me so that I cannot unbind myself. But it is not by sheriffs that the knot is customarily tied. If it should be, the spirits would refuse to come. The conditions would prove unfavorable." A second time he was carried behind the screen, this time unbound. The spirits tied him as they had tied Mr. Fay. I examined the knot myself. I am not an adept in knots. It had, however, the same appearance. The spirits then tied him before our eyes. They operated wholly through his muscles. After tying the rope firmly to the chair and making a noose—not a running one, however—in the rope, he inserted his hands in this noose, then by a sudden and dextrous twist gave them the appearance of being firmly bound together, while, in fact, he withdrew them and inserted them with the greatest ease. He called for manacles. The sheriff brought them from the county jail. They locked with a spring. He knocked them with a sharp blow on the iron pillars that supported the roof. They sprang apart and out dropped the manacled hand. "Every jailbird knows that trick," he said. I hope our police have different manacles from those of the Indiana sheriffs. He repeated the trick which, as performed by Mr. Fay, had been my greatest perplexity. The editor sat at the side of the table. The ex-Congressman occupied one side, Mr. Van Vleck the other. The editor's hands were placed one on the head of each of his companions. His arms were firmly grasped by the ex-Congressman on the one side, by the medium on the other.

"Now, Mr. Editor," said the medium, "that you may be in the same condition in which you would be if you were in a dark circle, please close your eyes and keep them closed till the end of the experiment."

He did so. The medium quietly took off one hand, took up the guitar, thrummed on it with one finger in true spiritual fashion, tapped him gently on the head, then replaced the guitar on the table and his hand on the editor's arm.

Medium. "Now, sir, open your eyes. Did I move?"

Editor (very seriously, but to the great astonishment of the audience, who had seen the whole performance.) "No, sir, not at all."

The grasp of the upper hand deadens the nerve. The lower hand can be removed and replaced at will, and the movement is not recognized. One of the members of my church, a young man, acquired the grip and repeated the trick on half-a-dozen customers in his store the next day, much to their astonishment. And so the greatest mystery in this "humbug and charlatanry" was explained.

I do not pretend to explain all so-called spiritual phenomena. There are certain apparently well-authenticated cases of table-tipping and clairvoyant writing, difficult, if not impossible, to interpret on any theory of fraud. But the lecture of Mr. V. convinced me, of what I confess I was substantially convinced of before, that nine-tenths of Spiritualism is a trick; that in these so-called phenomena there are so much alloy of humbug and so little grain of truth that it does not pay for mining; and that, as a class, the travelling mediums, whether they exhibit in halls at twenty-five cents a head or in private parlors at a dollar, are lineal descendants of the gypsies and fortune-tellers of the last century, and entitled to the same measure of respect and consideration. The question may be asked, Why does not Mr. V. repeat his expose in other towns and among other communities? Simply because credulity pays better than skepticism, and the mountebank apostles of this new delusion are too shrewd to kill, for a present advantage, the goose that lays for them so many golden eggs.

☞ Extensive preparations are being made for the dedication of the Gettysburg monument, to take place on the coming first of July. Senator Morton is to be the orator, Bayard Taylor the poet, and Henry Ward Beecher the chaplain of the occasion.

Mary Ann.

A Sorrowful Tale of a Servant Girl.

BY JOHN QUILL.

Mary Ann was a hired girl.

She was called "hired" chiefly because she always objected to having her wages lowered. Her simple name was Mary Ann, and she never had any other, as far as I know. She went through the world on plain Mary Ann and seemed content.

She was of Hibernian extraction, and she said she was descended from a line of kings. But nobody ever saw her descend, although they admitted that there must have been a great descent from a king to Mary Ann.

And Mary Ann never had any father and mother. As far as it could be ascertained, she was spontaneously born in an intelligence office.

It was called an intelligence office because there was no intelligence about it, excepting an intelligent way they had of chiselling you out of two-dollar bills.

The early youth of Mary Ann was passed in answering advertisements for female help, and in sitting on a hard bench, dressed in a bonnet and speckled shawl, sucking the end of a parasol.

Personally, Mary Ann was a young thing of about forty summers, with rich blowsy hair and a cream-colored complexion. She weighed two hundred pounds, and wore her own hoops when she couldn't get anybody else's. She had a fiery black eye, which was always blacker when she returned from a wake, and she had a brass ring on the third finger of the left hand.

Her nose began well, and had evidently been conceived in an artistic spirit, but there seemed not to have been stuff enough, as it was left half finished, and knocked upward at the end, while her waterfall was tied up in a scoop net.

But she was a fair young creature, and she had a delicate, nervous system, and a fine sense of propriety.

She said she would never live anywhere where they didn't have Brussels carpet in the kitchen, and a family who would take her to the sea-shore in summer. And as she knew absolutely nothing, she said she must have four dollars a week as a slight compensation for having to take the trouble to learn.

And Mary Ann had her peculiarities, too. She indulged a strong predilection for cooking chickens with craws in them, and she always seemed to think that as nature had placed scales on the fish, it was wicked to remove them.

Yes, Mary Ann was eccentric, and she would often boil her stockings in the tea-kettle, and wipe the dishes with her calico frock.

Her brother was a bricklayer, and he used to send her letters sealed up with a dab of mortar, and it was thus perhaps she conceived the idea that hair was a good thing to mix in to hold things together, and so she always introduced some of her own into the biscuit.

But Mary Ann was fond—yes, passionately fond—of work. So much did she love it that she dilly-dallied with it, and seemed to hate to get it done. She was often very much absorbed in her work. In fact, she was an absorbing person, and many other things were absorbed besides Mary Ann. Butter, and beef, and eggs, were all absorbed, and nobody ever knew where they went to, for Mary Ann was a clandestine absorber, and never was ostentatious.

And she was very fond of good victuals. She was delicate and her constitution required it. Indeed she was so fragile and ethereal that her nature required a stimulant, and she would get boozy four times a week on the cooking wine, and lay stretched across the ice chest in the cellar till she recovered.

But there were some things that Mary Ann couldn't bear. She had a deadly hatred of good bread, and she conceived such a dislike for coffee that she always made it taste like boiled boots and tobacco juice.

And whenever Mary Ann had to make boned turkey, she used to bone the turkey so effectually that nobody could tell what had become of it.

There was also a strange fatality attending Mary Ann's efforts in the crockery line. If she so much as laid her little finger on a saucer, that identical saucer would immediately fall on the floor and be shattered to atoms.

But Mary Ann would merely say that she couldn't help it. If the attraction of gravitation was very powerful in that spot she wasn't to blame for it, for she had no control over the laws of nature, and so Mary Ann never worried herself about it.

Although Mary Ann never had a father or mother, she may have been the daughter of her uncle and aunt, for she manifestly had uncles.

Uncles indeed seem to have been one of Mary Ann's weaknesses, for she had some twenty or thirty cousins who came to see her every night, and who stayed late and practiced pigeon-wings and Irish jigs on the kitchen floor.

Her uncles' children were all males, and there was a mysterious and inexplicable connection between their visits and the condition of the pantry which nobody could explain. There was something shadowy and obscure about it, for whenever Mary Ann's cousins came there was always a fading away in the sugar box and low tide in the flour barrel. It was strange, but true.

But as often as Mary Ann watched and got on the alert, just that often she said she couldn't imagine how it was.

And she was absent-minded, also, and in a moment of self-forgetfulness, she would blow out the gas, and suffocate the family, or perchance she would hold the baby for an hour by the leg and let it hang until it burst a blood vessel.

Absence of mind, however, was not as strong a suit with her as absence of body, and her Sunday out used to come once a week, and sometimes twice.

But she always went to church, she said, and she thought it was right to neglect her work for her faith, for she believed that faith was better than works.

Mary Ann was a believer in cold water also, not as a beverage, but as an instrument of torture. She was intensely happy when she could stick herself out of a second story window, and wait till a man came by with a new hat on. That was Mary Ann's chance, and it filled her with tender joy to grab a tin cup and souse water down on that nine dollar hat and utterly ruin it.

When she did this she would sit there unconcerned like, until the man got past, and then she would get down and fairly burst the hooks and eyes off her dress, exulting with wild laughter over her deed.

And sometimes she would go out and scrub the pavement, and then she would turn the hose on, and go up the alley and lay off until she saw a fellow drawing near with blacking on his boots; then she would rush and dab about a bucket full of water over them, and enjoy herself to hear him curse.

These were the happy moments of her checkered life, and she would go in and feel a peaceful calm in her soul when she did it.

Mary Ann, too, had a marked partiality for good clothes. Often in silent meditation in her retirement in her own kitchen, she would reason to herself that a beneficent Providence had implanted in the female heart a desire for goodly apparel, and she would frequently think, "Was it her business to fly in the face of nature, and to refuse to appease the longings of her bosom!"

And she always said—"No, it wasn't;" and then she would take hold of her kerosene lamp and go up-stairs and try on her mistress's bonnet, and help herself to underclothes and flannel petticoats, and then she would see how she looked in a velvet cloak. With a saddened heart, then, regretfully but feeling it to be an imperative and melancholy duty, she would nail any hem-stitched handkerchief, or hosiery, or valuables that were lying around.

She said herself she was sorry, but her womanly instincts were strong and she felt as if she must obey them.

But if the beginning of Mary Ann was strange, how extraordinary was her ending! She never died—Mary Ann was not one of your perishable kind. But she suddenly disappeared. One day she was there full of life, and spirits, and hope, and cooking wine, and the next day she wasn't and the place that once knew her, knew her no more.

Where she went to, how she went, by what means she went, no one could tell; but it was regarded as a singular coincidence that four aprons, eight napkins, a soup ladle, two ear-rings, and a lot of valuable green-backs melted away at the same time, and it was supposed that the person who stole Mary Ann away must have captured these.

And Mary Ann was never heard of again. There was a wild tradition that her form was seen hovering around the intelligence office in a new bonnet, but it was, probably, her spectre, which came back to haunt the place she loved on earth—the one sweet place that was filled with so many pathetic and tender memories of the missing Mary Ann.

☞ A colored girl was hired by a gentleman in Somerset, Virginia, and having been furnished with money and clothes in advance, took her departure the first opportunity. On Sunday last, the gentleman overtook her on one of the public streets, and after chasing her for some distance, caught and stripped her of every garment she had on, and left her on the street in a state of complete nudity.

☞ Mr. Spurgeon having been greatly disturbed by persons fainting during the services at his tabernacle, he has caused it to be made known to the ladies who indulge in this habit, that in future they will not have the privilege of being carried out, but that water and smelling-bottles will be placed in different parts of the building for their use.

☞ Military Hall, in Paterson, N. J., was last week struck by lightning, that invaded a ball-room, in which there was a dance going on. The lightning ran under a long bench which was filled with girls, and overturned the whole lot, upsetting the girls, face downwards, into the middle of the floor, stunning them for a minute, and causing great consternation. One man had all the hair burned off his head. The building was damaged badly in various places. The lightning followed the gas-pipes in the edifice, and also ran down the tin pipes devoted to the carrying off of rain-water. The circumstance shows that gas-pipes are very attractive to lightning.

☞ There was only one man in this country who ever understood the Schleswig-Holstein question, and he died of it. We therefore give up the Cuban business, which seems to be equally complicated, as a hopeless conundrum.—*N. Y. Atlas.*

☞ A load of 1,500 eggs was recently smashed in front of the Post-office at Batavia, New York, and as they couldn't be picked up again, a barrel of coal tar was poured over the street and set on fire, as the only means of preventing a very bad smell.

☞ A long despatch from Fortress Monroe conveys the important intelligence that "quite a revival has occurred among the freedmen at Slabtown," and that the people there "have come to the conclusion that there is more money in the potato business than in politics."

☞ The cause of men's rights is making progress in the West. A woman commenced proceedings for divorce in Indiana lately, and the husband applied for alimony. He didn't get it—but it was something that the judges allowed him to ask for it.

☞ In Michigan, last fall, whilst a farmer was threshing, a pig got accidentally covered up in the straw stack, and this spring, seven months and a half after, the pig was found there alive. On being liberated, it evinced a disposition to eat.

☞ One of the most wonderful developments in physical transformation has recently occurred in the flourishing village of Ottawa, Le Sueur county, Iowa. Some time last fall a lady of that place was badly frightened by a snake. This spring she was delivered of a child which was perfectly formed as far as the hips. From that point upward the body is formed like a snake, and the creature exhibits all the instincts of the reptile tribe. The upper portion of the body is all snake, while the lower is all human in its formation. (A very doubtful story.)

☞ A physician says: "Hell is full of dyspeptics, and dyspeptics are full of hell. When good Christians learn that there is an intimate relation and sympathy existing between the mucous surface of a man's stomach and his soul, they will take more care of their stomachs, and by so doing they may improve men rapidly in many of the Christian graces—virtue and patience, for instance.

☞ The dyes now largely employed in woolen fabrics are often deleterious, and even time-honored red flannel, as it is now manufactured, may be positively injurious when worn next the skin, owing to the dangers of absorption. It is better to use white than colored undergarments.

☞ A young lady, being charged by a gentleman with having trifled with his feelings, very funnily as she thought, exclaimed, "Well, I plead jilty."

Around the World in Eighty Days.

Probably but a few of our readers are aware, now that the Pacific Railroad is completed, that a journey around the world can be made in eighty days, which estimate allows for ordinary delays incidents to travelling. Moreover, the entire distance can be traversed by steam either on land or water, save about one hundred miles in India, between Allahabad and Bombay, over which a railroad is now constructing. The particulars of this marvellous trip—for it is even more than marvellous—we condense into tabular form for convenient reference, as follows—

	Days.
New York to San Francisco (rail)	7
San Francisco to Yokohama (steamship)	21
Yokohama to Hong Kong (steamship)	6
Hong Kong to Calcutta (steamship)	12
*Calcutta to Bombs (rail)	3
Bombs to Carlo (steamship and rail)	14
Carlo to Paris (steamship and rail)	6
Paris to New York	11
Total	80

* This includes the break of one hundred miles mentioned above.

☞ The New York Supreme Court has decided that if a passenger on a railway train cannot find a seat and gets injured while standing, in consequence, upon the platform, he is not to be blamed for negligence; but that the negligence must be imputed to the conductor. It is the latter's business to find a seat for the passenger, not the passenger's business to look for one.

☞ Boston at present has a baby show, composed of 300 cooing, dimpled-cheeked, drooling, fist-knawing, infants, in the various stages of lacteal culture. No doubt their united squalls are nearly as musical as the "Jubilee."

☞ The other day two "dearest friends" were in conversation. "My dear," said the eldest, "do you know that your husband told me last night that my cheeks were like roses?" "Yes, love, I know he did. He spoke of it afterward, and said it was a pity they were yellow roses."

☞ Both in New York and Indiana, the newspapers report promising crops and the prospect of an abundant yield.

☞ The oldest prisoner in the Massachusetts State Prison is George Hunnewell. He has been incarcerated 21 years. The warden facetiously calls him "the Rip Van Winkle of the institution." On Tuesday, while the workmen were engaged in painting the cupola of the prison he discovered them at work there and asked to be allowed to go up and look off. His request was granted, and he was furnished with an opera glass and made the ascent. It was the first time he had looked out on the world for 21 years. He turned his glass towards his old home in Cambridge, "It is all changed," was his only comment.

☞ Hook one day walking in the Strand with a friend, had his attention directed to a very pompous gentleman, who strutted along as if the ground were his own. Instantly leaving his companion, Hook went up to the stranger and said: "I beg your pardon, sir, but pray may I ask—*are you anybody in particular?*" Before the astonished magnifico could collect himself so as to reply practically or otherwise to the query, Hook had passed on.

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HAIR,

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

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LADY AGENTS WANTED in every city and town in the United States and Canada to sell "The Empress, or Lady's Companion," an article required by every female. Agents can make from $5 to $10 a day. Send for circular. MADAME DE VOE, Empress Manufacturing Co., 746 Broadway, New York city. my22-tnow6

Curls! Curls!

SAMPLES

SENT FREE.

A sample of Prof. ROBB'S CURLIQUE will be sent free to any address. The CURLIQUE will curl the straightest hair on the first application (without injury) in soft, luxuriant, beautiful, flowing curls.

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C. L. VANALLEN & CO.,
my29-13t 171 Broadway, New York.

DR. R. A. WILSON'S TONIC, CATHARTIC, Anti-Dyspeptic, and Headache Pills, are the most reliable and useful Pill for what they are recommended, now before the public. They cure Dyspepsia, Headache, Inebriety, Surfeit, Heartburn, Foul Stomach, Neuralgia, Costiveness, etc., etc. B. L. FAHNESTOCK & CO., No. "76" Wood Street, Pittsburg, Pa., Sole Proprietors. Sold by all Druggists. my8-2m

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SAT. EVE. POST.—ESTEEMED FRIEND.—We have a positive cure for Consumption and all disorders of the Lungs and Throat. It cured the inventor and hundreds of acquaintances. We will give $1000 for a case it will not relieve, and will send a sample *free* to any sufferer who will address us, SAYRE & CO., 210 Broadway, New York. my8-3m

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$1. GOOD FOR ONE DOLLAR.—Agents will please cut this out, and send for particulars, to PARMELEE & CO.,
my8-3m 736 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Comprising over 850 different articles. Send for catalogues. PARKER & CO., 98 and 100 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

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We will insert an advertisement in **one thousand Newspapers, one month.** The List includes **single papers of over 100,000 circulation weekly,** more than **100 daily papers,** in which the advertiser obtains 24 insertions to the month, and the **leading papers in more than 500 different towns and cities. Complete files can be examined at our office.** Send stamp for our circular. Address GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., Advertising Agents, New York.

HANEY'S ART OF TRAINING ANIMALS tells all secrets of the most successful trainers, horse breaking, sporting dogs and all animals, all circus trick, snake charming, farm animals, &c. 300 large pages, 60 illustrations, only 30 cts. of booksellers or JESSE HANEY & Co., 119 Nassau St., New York. Only complete book.

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$20 A DAY to Male and Female agents to introduce the BUCKEYE $20 SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINES. Stitch alike on both sides, and is the only LICENSED SHUTTLE MACHINE in the market sold for less than $40. All others are infringements, and the seller and user are liable to prosecution and imprisonment. Full particulars free. Address W. A. HENDERSON & CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

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$100 CASH FOR ORIGINAL PUZZLES will be given by *Merryman's Monthly.* See present number, of any newsdealer. Four different numbers as samples to new readers, sent, post-paid, for 25 cts.—half price. Largest, best and cheapest magazine of its kind. JESSE HANEY & Co., 119 Nassau St., New York.

$10 Per Day Guaranteed

Agents to sell the **Home Shuttle Sewing Machine.** It makes the *Lock Stitch, alike on both sides*, has the under-feed, and is equal in every respect to any sewing machine ever invented. Price $25. Warranted for 5 years. Send for circular. Address JOHNSON, CLARK & Co., Boston, Mass., Pittsburg, Pa., or St. Louis, Mo.

DEAFNESS, CATARRH, SCROFULA.—A lady who had suffered for years from DEAFNESS, CATARRH, and SCROFULA, was cured by a simple remedy. Her sympathy and gratitude prompts her to send the receipts free of charge to any one similarly afflicted. Address Mrs. M. C. LEGGETT, Hoboken, N. J.

SWEET QUININE — SVAPNIA

SWEET QUININE, *is warranted* equal—dose for dose—to the sulphate (bitter) Quinine, with the important advantage of being sweet instead of bitter.

SVAPNIA, is OPIUM PURIFIED of its sickening and poisonous properties, it is the most perfect ANODYNE and SOOTHING OPIATE yet discovered.

Sold by druggists, prescribed by best physicians. STEARNS, FARR & CO., Chemists, New York.

WANTED—AGENTS—To sell the AMERICAN KNITTING MACHINE. Price $25. The simplest, cheapest and best Knitting Machine ever invented. Will knit 20,000 stitches per minute. Liberal inducements to agents. Address AMERICAN KNITTING MACHINE CO., Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo.

WANTED—AGENTS—$15 to $200 per month, everywhere, male and female, to introduce the GENUINE IMPROVED COMMON SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. This machine will stitch, hem, fell, tuck, quilt, cord, bind, braid and embroider in a most superior manner. Price only $18. Fully warranted for five years. We will pay $1000 for any machine that will sew a stronger, more beautiful, or more elastic seam than ours. It makes the "Elastic Lock Stitch." Every second stitch can be cut, and still the cloth cannot be pulled apart without tearing it. We pay agents from $15 to $200 per month and expenses, or a commission from which twice that amount can be made. Address SECOMB & CO., PITTSBURG, PA., BOSTON, MASS., or ST. LOUIS, MO.

CAUTION.—Do not be imposed upon by other parties palming off worthless cast-iron machines, under the same name or otherwise. Ours is the only genuine and really practical cheap machine manufactured.

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"They have reduced advertising to a more perfect system than has been known heretofore."—*Hazelton (Pa.) Sentinel, Oct. 31, 1867.*

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We are prepared to receive advertisements for all American Newspapers, at prices as low as can be obtained at the offices of publication.

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A List of Seven Hundred and Fifty choice Advertising mediums, subdivided into more than 50 small Lists, with Price Cards showing the cost of any advertisement from one line to one column.

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A List of prominent Advertisers who have patronized this Advertising Agency, and letters showing the opinions of such men concerning the advantages it offers.

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Advertising Agents, 40 Park Row, New York.

WIT AND HUMOR.

An Apt Reproof.

"One Saturday afternoon, as Dr. Staughton was preparing for the pulpit services of the following day, a stranger called at his study, and introduced himself as 'the Rev. Mr. Johnson.' He had no credentials, except a copy of the Minutes of an Association, in which his name was given in such a connection as to satisfy the Doctor that in 'his own country he was not without honor.' In the course of conversation it became apparent that Mr. J. would be *willing*, if invited, to preach at least part of the day even in Sansom street. The Doctor did not feel very well, and was desirous to preserve his strength, as far as possible, for his evening lecture, which, as many remember, was uniformly attended by admiring crowds. He therefore requested the 'strange brother' to take the morning service, and received the prompt assurance that his wish should be gratified. Tradition has preserved no account of that 'morning service,' except the fact that the preacher was *heard*. His voice filled not only that spacious house, but a circle of much larger radius. As the Doctor was passing out, one of the deacons asked him what he thought of the stranger. 'Oh! he is *sound*, he is *very sound*,' was the significant reply.

"On Monday morning, Mr. J. requested the Doctor to give him a letter of introduction to the Rev. Mr. Healy, of Baltimore. The good man was too kind to refuse altogether, and too conscientious to recommend a person of whom he knew so little. He therefore gave the applicant the following letter:—

"'PHILADELPHIA, ——, ——.

"'DEAR BROTHER HEALY: The bearer, who says his name is Johnson, and says also that he is a Baptist preacher, desires me to introduce him to your acquaintance. He cried aloud and spared not in my pulpit yesterday, and if you should find it convenient to let him preach for you, he will lift up his voice among you.

"'Ever affectionately,

"'W. STAUGHTON.'"

Mistaken Jealousy.

It is not often that people are mistaken on a mere question of identity, but sometimes such things will occur. A very amusing incident arising from this cause occurred recently.

A lady, about entering a street car, saw, as she supposed, her husband taking tender leave of another woman on a street corner near by. Having heard repeated rumors of his gallantries, she determined to settle the matter definitely. With a rather hasty judgment, she rapidly regained the street and approached the lady, who, standing on the corner, was still looking after the gentleman, who had gone in the store.

"You seem to be very well acquainted with that gentleman!" was her sudden and unexpected salutation.

"Madam!" was the surprised rejoinder, accompanied by a look which clearly denoted her suspicions of the questioner's sanity.

"I say you appear to be acquainted with that gentleman!"

"Well, yes—somewhat."

"How long have you known him?"

"A number of years. He's my husband!"

"Indeed! He's mine too."

"What do you mean?" cried the lady, evidently greatly excited.

"Just what I say. He's my husband!"

The lady darted into the store, and the next moment reappeared with the unfortunate benedict.

"William, this lady says you are her husband!"

One glance, however, was sufficient; the lady saw her mistake, and crying with vexation and shame, frankly confessed her mistake.

An Indignant Judge.

An Arkansas judge had his law office close to a certain doctor's—in fact, they were separated only by a plank partition with a door in it. The judge was at his table busy with briefs and bills in chancery. The doctor was writing a letter, and pausing for a moment at the word economical, called out, "Judge, isn't e-q-u-i the way to spell equinomical?" "Yes, I think it is," said the judge, "but here's Webster's dictionary; I can soon tell." He opens the book and turns over the leaves, repeating aloud, "e-quinomical—e-quinomical." Finding the proper place, he runs his eye and finger up and down the column two or three times, until he is thoroughly satisfied that the word in question is not there. Closing the book with a slam, the judge lays his specs on the table, and rising slowly, breaks forth: "Well, sir, I've always been a Daniel Webster man, and I voted for him for President; but any man that will write as big a dictionary as this and not put as common a word as equinomical in it, can't get my vote for anything hereafter."

A Slight Misunderstanding.

A lady employed a young girl about fifteen years old to assist her about her housework, and one day she was making some cake, and wished to put some kind of plums in it; so she set a dish down on the table with the plums, and told the girl to *stone* them, and to show her how, she took up a plum and took out the stone, with the remark, "That is the way;" and then, thinking the girl understood what she meant, she put the plum she had into her mouth, instead of into the dish, and went away. What was her surprise, a short time after, to have the girl come into the room where she was, and tell her she had eaten all she could! And when the lady went into the room where she had been at work, she found she had put all the stones into the dish, and eaten all she could of the plums: she thinking that the hard pieces—meaning the stones—would soften up when baked in the cake.

SCHOOL EXAMINATION.—"John, how do you parse grandmother?"

"I doesn't pass her at all, but always goes in to get a tart."

"What is the singular of men?"

"They is singular when they pay their debts without being axed to do it a dozen times."

"Young women are beautiful. What is it that comes after young women?"

"It's the fellers to be sure—they are always arter the young women."

"That will do; now you are dismissed."

☞ A reason given why a piano was not saved at a fire was, because none of the firemen could play on it.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

SWELL.—"Had no breakfast?"
SWEEPER.—"No, sir!"
SWELL.—"Paw beggaw! And no dinner?"
SWEEPER.—"No, sir!"
SWELL.—"Paw beggaw!"
SWEEPER.—"Got o'er a copper, yer honor!"
SWELL.—"Naw!"
SWEEPER.—"Paw beggaw!"

'Fraid 'Twouldn't Hold Out.

A passenger on the Little Miami Railroad Lightning Express relates that one night a tall old negro, in droll alarm about the shortening of his through ticket, accosted him as follows:

"Look here, boss, I wants to ax you a question. I's a good way from home, and wants to know if I's on the right track?"

"Where do you want to go, uncle?" we asked.

"To Fort Gibson, way down in Arkinsaw, sah. Now, boss, I's ignorant, and wants to know if I's on the right kear for Cincernati."

We assured our negro friend he was all right for Cincinnati, when he broke loose as follows:

"Look a here, boss, I doesn't know nothing when I's away from home—cleah fact, sah. When I started out from Washington city I had a powerful long string of dese heah"—exhibiting that portion of his through ticket which had not been taken up. "Ebery now and then a gentleman comes 'round and tars off a little piece. Tell you, sah, it's gitten mighty short. 'Fraid it aint gwine to hold out until I gets through."

This last remark created quite a laugh, in which the negro joined heartily.

The True in Art.

Mr. Powers said:—"When I was just beginning my profession, I undertook to mould the bust of General Jackson. After I had finished it, Mr. Edward Everett brought Baron Krudener, minister from Prussia, to see it. The baron had a great reputation as a critic of art. He looked at the bust, deliberately, and said: 'You have got the general completely: his head, his face, his courage, his firmness, his identical self; and yet it will not do! You have also got all his wrinkles, all his age and decay. You forget that he is President of the United States, and the idol of the people. You should have given him a dignity and elegance he does not possess. You should have employed your *art*, sir, and not merely your *nature*.' I did not dare, in my humility and reverence for these two great men, to say what I wanted to in reply; to tell the baron (for Mr. Everett was silent) that my 'art' consisted in concealing art, and that my 'nature' was the highest art I knew or could conceive of. I was content that the 'truth' of my work had been so fully acknowledged, and the baron only confirmed my resolution to make truth my model and guide in all my future undertakings. I wrote Mr. Everett, many years after, reminding him of this interview, and also remarking on his silence at the time. He wrote me frankly that his silence was caused by his consciousness of a very poor right to speak on such a subject, but that he had often pondered it since, and had come to the deliberate conclusion that the baron was wrong in his criticism and counsel. If I have since done anything in my art (said Powers,) it is due to my steady resistance to all attempts to drive me from my love and pursuit of the truth.

"John Quincy Adams sat to me about the same time, and, feeling the vastness of his learning, I avoided talking to him about matters where I feared to betray my own ignorance; but I thought I might venture to tell him an anecdote about one of the great painters, which I flattered myself he had not heard. He listened very patiently, and with courteous interest, to my story, and then said: 'Yes, it's a capital story, but allow me to correct a few errors of memory in your way of telling it,' and then went on to give it with the most surprising fullness and accuracy, as if he had been reading it only that very morning. I never again presumed upon Mr. Adams's ignorance of any thing."—*Sittings with Powers, the Sculptor, by Dr. Bellows, in Appleton's Journal.*

Deformity Fashionable.

Sir William Hamilton, in his Lectures on Logic, quotes the Indian fable of a nation of hunchbacks, among whom, once upon a time, appeared a god—young, beautiful, and of consummate symmetry. This god, they add, entered the capital; he was forthwith surrounded by a crowd of natives:—

His figure appeared to them extraordinary; laughter, hooting and taunts manifested their astonishment; and they were about to carry their outrages still further, had not one of the inhabitants (who had undoubtedly seen other men), in order to snatch him from the danger, suddenly cried out—"My friends! my friends! What are we going to do? Let us not insult this miserable monstrosity. If Heaven has bestowed on us the general gift of beauty—if it has adorned our backs with a mount of flesh, let us, with pious gratitude, repair to the temple, and render our acknowledgment to the immortal gods." And the Scotch philosopher adds—"This fable is the history of human vanity. Every nation admires its own defects, and contemns the opposite qualities in its neighbors. To succeed in a country, one must be a bearer of the national hump of the people among whom he sojourns."

A Doomed City.

Independently of other inducements, it is worth while to make the tour of the ancient cities of Etruria on account of the loveliness of their situations and the varied beauty of the landscape encircling them. Take, for instance, Volterra, set on high, overlooking the Mediterranean, the fertile Pisan territory, and a Plutonic tract of country at its feet, split and warped into savage fury of chasm and nakedness by internal fires. Its situation marks it finely for a doom as tragic as that of the cities of the Plain; indeed, one more dramatic, for it will be thrown down from its towering height into a bottomless quicksand below, which is swallowing in immense mouthfuls the mountain on which it stands. Having already engulfed the Church of St. Giusti, it has reached on the north the ancient walls of the Badia, from which the monks have fled in dismay, leaving their remarkable cloisters trembling on the brink of a precipice of sand 500 to 1,000 feet deep, which leans over a treacherous abyss of hidden waters, sapping the unsolid earth above them with relentless energy. Each year the distance between the precipice and the city is growing less, yet it seems fascinated by the peril. The massive walls which have stood firmly on their foundations three thousand years may help induce a feeling of security in their ability to outlive this enemy as they have all others. But the contrast in sensations is most startling when, after following their circuit for miles in wonder at their hugeness, one comes at a single step upon this tremendous undermining of a mountain which, at an unexpected moment, is destined not merely to leave no one stone of them on another, but to bury them forever from human sight, and with them the people who trusted to their strength for safety. It is an impressive spectacle, not only of the transitoriness of all human work, but of those agencies which are preparing the earth for new forms and species of existence. I comprehend sleeping quietly on the edge of a volcano, or during a battle, for there the elements of death have in them that of the sublime, which puts the spirit on a level with the occasion; but the thought of the prolonged, helpless strangulation of a whole city irresistibly sucked into the bowels of the earth, is awful. No heroism can avail in burial alive, and no human sacrifice can avert the destruction after Nature has sounded the signal of doom.

Yet with a degree of stupidity which seems past belief, the Volterrians once refused to permit an enterprising citizen of Leghorn to save their city by draining off the encroaching waters while there was time, on condition of having for himself the land he reclaimed from devastation. Possibly they feared the loss of one of their "sights," which are food and raiment to the poor of Italian cities in general, each inhabitant consoling himself with the reflection, "after me the flood." The "sight" certainly is one not to be met in other parts. Go to see it, but do not tarry long.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

AGRICULTURAL.

The Drugging of Farm Horses.

All descriptions of horses are apt to suffer from the ignorance, prejudice, and quackery of their attendants. Farm horses have certainly more healthful surroundings than their town brethren; they are seldom subjected to the fast pace which tells so severely on the lighter description of horses; their feeding and labor are usually tolerably regular; but much of their ill-health results from mismanagement and the meddling medical treatment of the attendants.

Farmers and teamsters in many parts of the United States are, unfortunately, following the evil example of their English brethren in giving the animals under their charge frequent doses of various sorts of medicine. It is poured down in season and out of season; whether the horse is well or ailing; without any knowledge either of the state of the animal's health, or the effects of the nostrum; and without the owner's being at all aware that his horses are thus ignorantly tampered with. It is sad to think of the rubbish which the poor horse is thus compelled to swallow. Amongst the favorite articles exhibited are dragon's blood, black antimony, sulphur—and the blacker it is the more it is thought of—spices and condiments of all kinds, and innumerable unsavory concoctions of things animate and inanimate, hurtful and harmless. In some parts of the country the teamsters collect various herbs, and cunningly preserve them by drying, salting, boiling, or other processes. Thus prepared, these medicaments are used either regularly with the notion of improving condition, or at rarer intervals as a means of curing particular disorders. These preparations of herbs are seldom, however, very potent or hurtful. But teamsters and farm hands also use strong mineral poisons. In many of the county towns the chemists retail enormous quantities of these noxious articles. The mineral acids, preparations of antimony, arsenic, and mercury, are commonly used, or, we ought rather to say, abused. The infatuated mortals have such blind faith in the efficacy of their nostrum, that they will purchase it regularly, even with their own hard earned money. A scrupulous chemist often demurs about supplying dangerous poisons which he well knows are to be given, without the master's knowledge, to his valuable horses, and given too by ignorant and often unskillful hands; but the man is not to be diverted from his purpose, and usually has little difficulty in finding a less particular or more complaisant physic monger. Indeed, the physic is, we know, occasionally obtained in barter for grain, hay, straw, or roots, or for a cart or two of coals, or other commodities, surreptitiously drawn for the drug merchant.

A case illustrating the danger of horses being drugged by their attendants recently came under our observation. On a large farm where a large number of horses were worked, several were reported "out of sorts." One had died several days before, after about a week's illness, and with symptoms and *post mortem* appearances which pointed to gastric derangement. Three more horses were unable to eat, and were daily losing flesh; they were slightly feverish, and the digestive organs somewhat out of order, but there was no evidence of cold nor of any acute ailment. The food had consisted of clover and grass, with corn and oats. The stabling was commodious and comfortable. No admission could be got that any medicine or anything besides the ordinary food had been given. The cases appeared puzzling. A careful examination discovered that the back teeth were blackened, and in places softened and decayed; the throat was sore, the stomach irritable. It was evident that the horses had recently been having some corrosive substance. On suspicion of giving such noxious matters, the principal teamster was at once discharged. His fellow-workmen's tongues were soon unloosed, and it appeared that anxious to get his horses to eat and thrive, the fellow had been in the habit of giving them their corn and chaff wetted with spirit of salt or hydrochloric acid. Weeks elapsed, and demulcents, weak alkalies, and other remedies were freely used; but still the horses remained in a low, thriftless state, from which they only very slowly recovered.

Cases such as these are more numerous and frequent than are generally supposed. When a change of farm hands occur, how often do we find a whole lot of horses fall away in condition, and lose all spirit and endurance, no matter what food they receive. In such cases, if the truth can be got at, it will generally be found that the waygoing fellow has for months, and perhaps for years, been giving acids and other drugs, and that under such tonics, condition medicines, or pick-'em-ups, the horses looked and worked very fairly. The evil of the system only comes out with all its force when the unnatural drugging is stopped. None but professional men should, under any pretence, prescribe poison or any potent medicines. The handling of edge tools is a dangerous pastime to those unused to such weapons. Untrained practitioners, if they will dabble in physic, should confine themselves to simples and harmless medicaments, which, even if used ignorantly or carelessly, can do little detriment. No sensible horse proprietor should permit any man, whether he be groom, coachman, ploughman, or teamster, to give on his own responsibility any sort of physic to any horse. By such an order peremptorily enforced, he will prevent much sickness and loss; he will have no horses dying, as we have repeatedly known them, from balls given surreptitiously, sticking in the wind-pipe, or from injuries of the fauces inflicted by the sharp weapons on which the balls are often administered. He will not have his horses dying from superpurgation, or dangerously reduced by depressing remedies, or shelved for a few days because their attendant has, in his wisdom, conceived that they will be better of "a little physic." Many and ingenious are the excuses often advanced in favor of this time-honored practice of giving medicine to horses: the animal is too fat or too poor, he has been on soft or on hard food; he is going to or returning from the country; he is the better of a good dose of medicine in spring, or summer, or in autumn. With suitable food, properly regulated exercise or labor, roomy stables, and good grooming, horses can be kept in admirable condition and health without much medicine.—*American Stock Journal.*

RECEIPTS.

SAGO PUDDING.—Pour over a teacupful of sago, a quart of boiling water, adding just a pinch of salt. Pare and core a dozen tart apples, put into the pudding dish and pour the sago over them. Bake until the apples are soft. To be eaten with butter and sugar sauce.

TO RENEW BLACK THREAD LACE.—Dissolve in half a cup of warm rain water a teaspoonful of borax; fill up the cup with spirits of wine; squeeze the lace through this solution several times; then rinse it with the following:—One teaspoonful of dissolved gum arabic in two cups of the spirits, to which a little blueing has been added. Gently pull out the edges of the lace until it is nearly dry, then press it between the leaves of a heavy book for several days.

TO CLEAN CLOTH GARMENTS.—Rub some soap upon the wristbands and collars, and dip them in boiling hot water or new made suds, and scrub them well with a brush. Then go over the dirty and greasy places in the same way. Get fresh suds and wet and brush the whole garment the right way of the cloth. Stretch the sleeves, pockets, pocket-holes, wristbands, and collars into shape, the same as if ironed and put to dry. They will look as well as new.

THE RIDDLER.

Ancient Historical Enigma.

I am composed of 76 letters.

My 5, 18, 19, 43, 45, 59, 68, 49, was a son of Jupiter and Electra, who killed his brother Jasius to obtain the kingdom of Etruria.

My 68, 8, 34, 55, 40, 74, was a woman of Miturna, who hospitably entertained Marius in his flight, though he had formerly sat in judgment upon her, and divorced her from her husband.

My 7, 26, 71, 10, 31, 17, 36, 76, 65, 61, 16, was a son of Aristodemus, who lived in perpetual dissention with his twin brother while they both sat on the Spartan throne.

My 52, 18, 41, 69, 21, 64, 4, 33, 50, was a people of Rhodes, said to have been originally from Crete. They insulted Venus, for which Jupiter destroyed them all by a deluge.

My 14, 23, 39, 47, 44, 54, 24, 13, 66, was a Thracian shepherd, who rose to be emperor on the death of Alexander Severus; he was assassinated by his soldiers on account of his cruelty.

My 13, 27, 70, 5, 28, 44, 51, 16, 6, 48, 31, was a son of Pharnasmanes, king of Iberia; he was put to death by his father about the year 52 of the Christian era.

My 29, 33, 23, 35, 40, 63, was a Roman senator who was made interrex at the death of Romulus till the election of another king; he resigned in favor of Numa.

My 72, 24, 62, 53, 3, 42, 12, 49, was a Greek poet, born in Attica, who animated the Lacedæmonians with martial songs when they wished to raise the siege of Ithome.

My 8, 30, 2, 60, 11, 19, 51, 57, 65, was a monument erected by the Athenians to the daughters of Leos, who immolated themselves in order to stop the raging pestilence.

My 1, 15, 32, 56, 67, 46, 54, 26, 66, was a bishop of Nyssa, author of the Nicene creed.

My 60, 37, 75, 7, 9, 25, 69, 73, 48, 31, was a general who was sent with six thousand Athenians to Mantinea to stop the progress of Epaminondas.

My 20, 42, 63, 59, 3, was a queen of Illyricum, B. C. 231, who ordered some Roman ambassadors to be put to death. This caused a war which ended in her downfall.

My whole is the celebrated message which Marius sent to Septimius.

W. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

Probability Problem.

A boy puts his hand into a bag containing 20 apples, of which 12 are sweet and 8 are sour, and takes out two of them at random. What is the probability that he has one of each kind? ARTEMAS MARTIN.

McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Algebraical Problem.

What is the area of a square field, the diagonal of which is 20 perches longer than either of its sides? W. H. MORROW.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

I bought three lots of chickens, paying for each lot as many pence per chicken as there were chickens in the lot. The first lot cost me one pound more than the second; and the second cost one pound more than the third. How many chickens were in each of the lots? J. SCOTT.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ When do caramen resemble Indian Chiefs? Ans.—When they *feather their sculls!*

☞ What is the difference between a belle and a burglar? Ans.—One carries false locks, and the other false keys.

☞ When does a member of Congress display most physical strength. Ans.—When he moves the House.

☞ Why is a proclamation like eight drachms. Ans.—Because it an-ounce-is.

PICKLED CAULIFLOWERS.—Break the cauliflowers in pieces, sprinkle salt over them and let them stand for twenty-four hours. Boil them until tender and pour over them boiling vinegar, highly spiced. They are ready for use in a few days. Onions and tomatoes may be pickled in the same way.

HOW TO PRESERVE SMOKED MEATS IN SUMMER.—Take black pepper and grind it very fine, the finer the better; then wash the hams or beef, and rub while damp, thoroughly, with the ground pepper; a sufficiency will adhere to them to safely protect them against the depredations of flies and bugs through the summer. In the cure of hams omit rubbing the skin side. Two pounds of pepper are sufficient for thirty pounds of meat. It may remain hanging in the smoke-house during summer. This will also impart a fine flavor to the meats.

CHLORIDE OF LIME TO DESTROY INSECTS.—By scattering chloride of lime on a plank in a stable, biting fleas are driven away. Sprinkling beds of vegetables with a weak solution of this salt effectually preserves them from caterpillars, slugs, moths, etc. It has the same effect when sprinkled on fruit trees or shrubbery. Mix in a paste with fatty matter and applied in a narrow band around the trees, it prevents insects from creeping up.

CANNED FRUIT.—We have never found any trouble in canning fruit in the following way:—Peaches, pears, etc., must be pared, quartered, and cored; plums should be stoned, etc. Then, adding just enough sugar to the fruit, to make it palatable, put it on the stove—a porcelain kettle is the best—and let it just come to a boil in a little water. Have ready on the stove a kettle of boiling water, into which dip the jars—having first dipped them into warm water—and fill at once with the hot fruit. Seal immediately.

FEMALE RESOURCES.—"Are sisters Sal and Nance resources, pa?"

"No, my son. Why did you ask that question?"

"Because I heard Uncle John say to you would only husband your resources you could get along a good deal better than you do. And I thought it would be a great idea, because you wouldn't have so many with hungmen here for supper every Sunday great, spring—that's all, pa!"